THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IN BEAUTEOUS BOLOGNA.

Interesting Sketch of an Italian City Where Blue Blood is Very Exclusive.

The Barbers and Beggars Who Infest Its Streets.

It was the dawn of a beautiful summer morning as the express steaming from northern Italy landed us at beauteous Bologna. I drove at once on a cab from the station to a boarding house in one of the suburbs, recommended to me by an old Parisian friend. A drowsy-looking lady, answering my ring, opened the door, and, putting on her smirkiest smiles, welcomed me to Bologna. I had barely seen my trap installed in the bedroom when this same lady entered, carrying in her hand a pot of charcoal. Not having been just then as well up in Italian habits and customs as I subsequently became, I looked at her with undisguised feelings of astonishment. My eyes must have told her more plainly than speech the impression I had that she must have had some mysterious designs on my life. This, I thought, is a novel experiment, for though suicides by charcoal are common enough, murder by charcoal had been so far an undeveloped possibility.

"Let the signor have no fear," said the lady, laying the pot on the carpet in the middle of the room. "The mornings are still a little cold and a fire is necessary to warm one particularly when one is after a long journey. I shall bring up the signor's coffee and milk in an instant," with which promise she made me a deep bow and retired.

I looked around me. There was no fireplace, no stove in the room. There are no such things, I afterwards learned, in most rooms in Italy, their substitutes being those pots of charcoal, around which in a solemn circle society sits throughout the cold evenings of January, February and March. In June, however, these delicacies are reserved exclusively for travelers coming from what is here popularly supposed to be the ice bound north.

[illegible] done justice to my morning [illegible] bethought me of having a shave, [illegible] entered into town with that object. [illegible] I entered one of those narrow old [illegible] streets, so frequently met with in [illegible] an cities, I met a lounging contadino [illegible]ffing a cigar as he stretched his weary [illegible]bs on the sidewalk.

"Could you direct me," I said, "to a barber's shop in the vicinity?"

He rolled himself pleasantly on the paving stones and held his sides with laughter, like the poor rustic in Colonel Hay's ballad, who was asked for the shirt of a happy man, but who had no shirt to give.

"Dio mio!" he managed at last to exclaim, gazing up at me with the most comical leer imaginable, "but that is the best joke I have heard for years. The signor is very witty this morning. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I assure you I was never so serious in my life," I observed, taken aback by his attitude.

"Oh, the joke is too good!" he said. "Why, does not the signor know that here in Bologna we have a barber's store for every ten inhabitants? Look," he continued, rising from his recumbent posture and pointing to the right and left, "there they are in plenty, and you have only to make your choice."

The lazy dawdler was right. He had by no means exaggerated the truth. Bologna was evidently afflicted with a veritable locust swarm of barbers. Barbers were here, there and everywhere throughout the town. Barbers, in fact, bossed Bologna. They were monarchs of all they surveyed in the city hall; they even sent their deputies to the national parliament at Rome. The overwhelming proportion of these tonsorial artists is explained by the fact that Bologna has perhaps the most eclectic aristocracy in Europe; that its dainty members of both sexes patronize the barbers as generously as the high-born dames of Paris do M. Worth the man tailor of the Rue de la Paix, and that each of the artists in question is the accredited and official barber and hairdresser to one or other of the noble families of the town. While drawing a salary as such, he is at perfect liberty to make as many other clients as he can.

These enterprising knights of the razor profess to be the leading lights in the community, next, of course, to the nobles. They profess moreover to be what they are not—well versed in all the European languages. On one of their signboards I discovered this blood curdling specimen of Italian English, for instance: "Heads cut here. Five soldi." Elsewhere I came across the following exquisite jumble, half English, half French: "Sheaves to be had at very good marche." Having no immediate relish to be guillotined even at the ridiculously low price of a nickel, I went a block or two further on and put myself under the razor of a less bloodthirsty artist. Here, as well as in all other parts of Europe, shaving is by no means the luxury which it is at home. You have no comfortable arm chairs whereon to sit, and no footstool for the accommodation of your nether limbs. The barber, however, never touches your face with his fingers, as he does with us, for he invariably uses the lathering brush; but he is by no means as deft a hand at the razor as the American.

Very few of Mr. McAllister's New York Four Hundred would, I fear, have any chance of forcing the gilded doors of the aristocracy of Bologna. The bluest of blue blood only is acceptable within the sacred precincts of its palaces. No adventurers or mushroom nobles are admitted on the premises. One must have an honorable family record dating at least from the time of the Crusades to insure admission into this choice circle. Here the Marquis So and So never invites Count So-and-So to his entertainments, as the Count's family is noble only for five generations. A real descendant of the paladines of the kings of old, who can display his parchment and prove its authenticity, will be received with open arms, even though his bank account is most inconsiderable. 'Tis not the gold but the "nobility" that stamps the man with merit in the eyes of these dainty people. To such absurd bounds has this spirit of exclusiveness gone that on one occasion, when the Prince and Princess Colonna, of Rome, signified their intention of visiting Bologna, a certain dowager marchesa shook her peruke very saucily and said: "I shall not receive them. The Princess has no family record. Her stepfather is a low American miner, who made his millions with his hands. I could not associate with such parvenus!" This rather exacting dame boasts of having the blood of Caius Gracchus imprisoned in her antique veins. Much good may it do the marchesa!

Here, as in other parts of Italy, you will meet with counts and viscounts in humble walks of life. I was introduced to a count who was a floor walker in a dry goods establishment in Bologne. Another was a lawyer's clerk, while a third filled the part of tout or guide for one of the hotels. These, of course, had no more chance of rubbing their coat tails against those of the accepted aristocracy of Bologne than I have of running a special excursion train to the planet Mars, for it is the rigid custom of the local nobility to boycott and ostracise any of their number who by choice or necessity works for his living. Should he do so he is dropped pitilessly from the list, and the haunts of grandeur know him no more. The unusually large crop of titled individuals one encounters in the peninsula is explained by the prevalent custom of bestowing a title on every child of a noble house. For instance, a count's sons, no matter how numerous, are all counts, and these counts generate other counts, till in some quarters of Italy these blue blooded knights are literally as thick as peas in a pod. Of course, the vast majority of these wights, who have not even as much land as would sod a lark, thrown as they are on the world in absolute poverty, are compelled to turn an honest penny by the sweat of their patrician brows.

If there is a locust swarm of barbers in Bologna so also is there one of beggars. Bolognese beggars, like Italian beggars generally, may be divided into three categories. The first comprises the "respectable" members of the craft; the second, the common or disreputable; and the third, the serenaders. The respectable beggars have the privilege of squatting on the doorsteps of churches and palaces. Having a prescriptive right to these berths they will not demean themselves by running after the traveler for alms. Smoking their long bowled pipes, their left hands embedded in their pockets, they await their victim, who sometimes drops a soldo into their laps. Their chief clients are the dainty dames of the aristocracy, or fair church goers. Their disreputable brothers will run after you with outstretched hands, will bow to you like stage courtiers and will not give you up till the last chance is gone. They usually begin by a poetical invocation of the blessings of heaven on your head, but if no coin is forthcoming the benedictions change to curses, and they mutter between their teeth some words that sound suspiciously like "inferno" and "damnation." The serenade beggars, the most high toned of the lot, play her lover's favorite airs—at so much an air, of course—beneath the balcony of a languishing belle, or accompany the melting swain and his fair one in their moonlight promenades. There is another class, chiefly women, who hire deformed children from their parents to attract the pity and alms of the public. During my stay in Bologna I was shown by a so called respectable member of the craft a beggar's directory, containing the names and addresses of all the people in the chief cities who are accustomed to be prodigal of their charity. This little volume, he assured me, was printed by an enterprising publishing company for the benefit of beggars, among whom it had a large circulation. To traveling mendicants and to tramps generally, it was, he added, extremely useful.

So far I have dealt with some of the characteristics of social life in Bologna. For an historic and descriptive account of the town and its buildings I beg leave to refer the reader to Baedaker. In conclusion, I have only to add that, despite the narrow exclusiveness of its upper ten and the annoyance caused by its swarm of beggars, one can spend some amusing and instructive hours in this quaint old Italian city.—*Eugene Davis in San Francisco Chronicle.*

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

SISTERS, GO SLOW!

This World is Still Young, and There is Plenty of Time to Live and Die in It.

Remember You Will be a Long Time Dead, and Don't be in Too Great a Hurry to Catch the Street Cars or the Train.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 21.—The man was wroth. I didn't blame him. He and his wife were ahead of me going up the long, weary flight of steps to the elevated road. She was "hurrying her head off." That is the remark he made, and as this crowning organ of her body was a foot or so in advance of the rest of her anatomy, the expression did not seem very far out of the way.

"Great Scott," said the aggravated husband as they reached the platform and his companion sank panting on a seat, "you do make me so mad. It is a nice thing isn't it to have a doctor three or four months for nervous prostration, and then run for an elevated train? There is no train in sight, and you could have taken your time, and what if there had been?"

The pale-faced, hollow eyed woman pressed her hands to her throbbing heart, and endeavored to make herself look as much like a martyr as possible. That is the way some women have, and when a husband is sensible and kind, it is enough to make him wish he had never been born. This particular feminine idiot made no reply. The failure to do so was probably attributable to the lack of wind. He may have had a double dose when they reached home, and she had recovered her breath. What if there had been a train which she could have caught by running for it? That is what the man asked, and that is what I want to know. She could not have saved more than five minutes by such a fatiguing and nerve-rasping performance, and there was not the slightest necessity for this economy of time.

"What shall I do for my wrinkles?" asks this or that woman who suddenly wakes up to the consciousness that she is growing ugly and prematurely old. The wrinkled women are, with very few exceptions, the hurrying, bustling, always-busy women, those who believe in doing everything at the exact moment, and when they are going on a trip by train or boat, start an hour before it is necessary, and then lose their breath running for every conveyance. They are not comfortable people to live with. To their benighted minds repose of manner is but another term for laziness, and woe betide the friend or visitor who does not meet the cast-iron requirements of the mistress of the establishment.

Yesterday a lady fainted dead away in one of our large dry goods establishments. She wore a trained dress heavily trimmed with jet, a heavy and costly cloak, which also had a train. She was buying Christmas presents, and had been out from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon attending to these Christmas duties. According to the same testimony, this lady had not a moment's rest from her round of social engagements for over three weeks, and had only just convalesced from a severe attack of nervous prostration.

If ever a person deserved to be punished by illness that woman does. What can a woman be thinking of to wear such a dress at such a time? Every human being of ordinary sense must instinctively feel that a costume of this kind is most unsuitable for the purpose. A woman of good taste could not be guilty of such vulgarity. One of the most aggrating features of this everlasting hurrying and scurrying is the resignation of manner which the victims of it assume when relating their experience to their friends. It is enough to ruffle the temper of an archangel to listen to these details, but we are all obliged to. They are so proud of the achievements that throw them into hysterics, and put them to bed with nervous headaches and displaced internal organs. What is the matter with our women? Two-thirds at least of the illness that now exists could be prevented if they would realize that there is time enough for everything that they ought to do, and for the things they ought not to do there should be no time.

Sometimes I am prone to wish that the proposers of certain conundrums would go elsewhere for answers. Within the last fortnight I have received several letters from business men and women, asking why the managers of the New York Central railroad do not have Remington typewriters and good operators on their trains, as do some of the other enterprising roads. It may seem a strange statement to make, but I really do not run the New York Central, though, peahaps, if Mr. Depew, Dr. Webb and Mr. Daniels were aware of my railroading capabilities, they would turn the business over into my hands.

Perhaps these gentlemen think that as they have provided every other earthly luxury for travelers on their vestibule trains, that type writing can be dispensed with, or that there is not a popular call for such a convenience. Make the demand loud enough, and the click of the machine will be heard on the New York Central. I agree with my correspondents that to be able to dictate one's letters at such times is almost a necessity to that part of the travelling public which is obliged to keep in [illegible] tion with the world of business and letters.

Mothers are constantly complaining of the powders they buy for their infants. In several instances lately these little ones have been more or less injured by poisonous preparations. Parents cannot be too careful in such matters. It is much better to prepare some harmless powder at home than to trust to stuff we know nothing about. Miss Anderson, of 451 Gates ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., in obedience to the request of several distinguished mothers in this country, at last found a powder which its owner and maker was willing and anxious to have analyzed, and which Miss Anderson is prepared to furnish for thirty-five cents a box. She has another powder for general toilet use, which is equally pure and beautiful, for the same price.

The loveliest tea gowns can be made of Silkaline, lined with a good cambric a little darker in shade. These goods come in all colors, from the most delicate to the most pronounced, and are fifteen per yard. Ten yards will make an ample dress; and if the buyer has a little gumption and taste, and a little pretty lace for the corsage, the most charming effects can be produced. ELEANOR KIRK.

AN IMPROMPTU BALLAD.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The lines written below were extemporaneously composed by one of the young ladies of our Philo Celtic Irish School, No. 263 Bowery, N.Y., on the occasion of a little entertainment we had between ourselves after school hours a few weeks ago. She is very patriotic, and hearing such songs as the "National Fenian Boy," she naturally got excited and struck off the little poem we give here. She does not claim any merit for it, but the other girls got hold of it and would like to see it in print. I suppose that in these days of Healy, Gladstone and humbug, it sounds too much like "physical force." THOMAS D. NORRIS.

I love to roam in fancy through some
lonely Irish vale,
And dream of the struggles of the past I've
read in many a tale,
And listen to the rustling leaves when the
shades of eve are falling,
Their whispering seems so sad and low, as
if they were recalling
The meetings 'neath their shelt'ring gloom,
when the world was all at rest,
Save those who had their nation's weal
planted deep within each breast;
How [illegible]e branches hid our bright, brave
[illegible]s from the telltale moon's soft
[illegible]t,
Wh[illegible] they spoke of their country's bitter
woes and vowed to set her right.
How they swore to lift from Erin's breast
the tyrant's cloven foot,
And save from the oppressor's withering
hand the sacred cabin roof,
As they stood there always ready,—that
fearless Fenian band,
To strike a blow at the Saxon foe and free
our native land.
Oh! the shamrock on the hillside felt the
precious living flood,
As its leaves were red and its roots were
fed with their warm, young crimson
blood;—
But there was no room for fancy last Sunday afternoon,
'Twas not the lonely Irish glen or "the
rising of the moon."
'Twas the busy, noisy Bowery—yet I never
felt before,
Such brimming measure of true Irish
pleasure, it filled my heart to the core.
I joined in the hearty laughter as around
the room it rung,
I listened with greedy rapture to the grand
old Celtic tongue.
Now you need not tell me any more, you
are all for moral suasion;
That you'll sit quite cool till you gain
Home Rule by parliamentary agitation;—
Why you're rebels; I can see it, though
you try to look so coy,
It darted out at the impulsive words of the
"National Fenian Boy."
What a dash you made for the singer, sure
I never saw the like,
By dad I thought you were hurrying off to
scour the rusty pike,
The burning words that followed seemed
to check the flow of song,
As we heard the price of the sacrifice in
accents deep and strong,
That we must pay ere we can place the
land that gave us birth,
In her honored, old time glory among the
nations of the earth.
I looked at the men around me, how their
faces then did glow,
With the courage of a Sarsfield and the
spirit of Owen Roe.
Oh, may the God who planted our island
in the sea,
Strengthen the hands and guide the hearts
of those who'd set her free,
As we lift the banner of Irish right 'gainst
English wrong once more,
To die for thee or set thee free, our own
loved shamrock shore.
And may thy children—scattered afar on
land and sea—
Where e'er they go, in weal or woe, ne'er
cease to think of thee
Until the songs of liberty among thy hills
are sung,
[illegible]ns with glorious strains
Celtic tongue.

THE SEVEN HILLS.

What is Going On in the Eternal City of the Cæsars and the Pontiffs.

Changes in the Ecclesiastical Court and Other Matters of Importance to the Catholic World.

APPROACHING CHANGES.

The creation of two new Cardinals in the coming consistory will, it is said, occasion many highly important changes in the Sovereign Pontiff's ecclesiastical court. His eminence, Cardinal Sepiacci, by his admission into the sacred college, will leave the secretaryship of the congregation of Regulars and Bishops vacant. This is a most important post, by reason of the fact that the congregation in question has the right to judge all ecclesiastical causes, even those which have already passed through other congregations. Its secretary is generally a bishop. Monsignore Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, will probably replace Monsignore Sepiacci. Monsignore Satolli is one of Rome's most eminent theologians and is, at the same time, the living representative of pure Thomastic doctrines. He was once Professor at the Propaganda Fide college, is the publisher of some very remarkable commentaries upon St. Thomas, and is a most eloquent preacher. His course of Lenten sermons given in the church of St. Carlo in the Corso in 1890, attracted much attention and general admiration. Monsignore Satolli is actually rector of the noble Pontifical academy. Cardinal Ruffo-Scilla is the present Majordomo of his Holiness and is the superintendent of Leo XIII.'s household. This prelate is a member of one of the noblest Neapolitan families. Who is to be his successor? We may be able to give more decisive information in this connection in our next letter.

THE PRIZE-DAY OF THE GREGORIAN UNIVERSITY.

On Thursday, Nov. 26, in the church of St. Ignatius, was held the ceremony of Promiation of the Gregorian University. His eminence, Cardinal Mazzella presided. The following is an abstract from the official catalogue as far as concerns the English speaking students of St. Thomas de Urbe: The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. F. Lloyd, Rev. S. Mongan, and Rev. P. O'Kelly; that of Licentiate upon Rev. R. Nash, and that of Bachelor upon Rev. E. Bennett.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

A downright thunderbolt has burst over poor Italy's political sky. In a discourse, pronounced before the Austrian delegation, the Chancellor Kalnoky has admitted among other things, that the Roman question is always an open one, that Italy has come to no understanding with the Pope, and that no one can say upon what basis such an event could possibly be founded. These declarations have completely disturbed the insolent tranquility of our Italians, who pretended that the law of guarantees had just put an end to the Roman question. How could Austria play such an unkind trick upon her dear Italian ally? It would appear that this is Austria's little way of showing displeasure regarding certain flirtations which Italy permitted herself to indulge in with France and Russia. We know that the very best way to effectually tease the *Intangibles* is to revive the Roman Question.

ROMAN WINTER LECTURES.

Monsignore Puyol, former Superior of St. Louis des Français, recommenced his remarkable series of lectures upon church history on Dec. 2, in the Convent of the Assumption, in the via della Scrofa. These conferences were a much felt want, for even the most intelligent acknowledge the necessity of refreshing their memories, and acquiring a more profound knowledge of the past of our glorious church. These lectures given by this *savant* and former professor at the Sorbonne, are followed with the deepest interest, not only by strangers visiting Rome, but by numbers of Roman Princesses and their daughters, who regularly attend them. As last season, the day was Wednesday, the hour half-past 10 in the morning. In the same convent, Monsignore Bartolini will give a course of winter lectures upon Italian literature every Saturday morning. The Arcades Academy has also recommenced its interesting course of lectures.

ECCLESIASTICAL BREVITIES.

The Rev. Father Whitmee, Rector of St. Silvestro in-Capite, which in his hands has become one of the best administered churches in Rome, has again taken up his charge, after an absence of several months on a visitation tour in South America and elsewhere to all the houses of his congregation (Pallotini Fathers).—Father Bannin left Rome en route homewards. He visited the Pallotini Noviciate, situated in Mazio in Piedmont. The reverend gentleman was accompanied by Mr. Frank Wetherfield, advocate, of London, who was so fortunate as to be received in private and special audience by the Holy Father.—His eminence Cardinal Parrocchi, always so keenly alive to the exigencies of the times, desires to see the English language seriously studied in the Roman colleges. The Cardinal-Vicar fully recognizes the great utility of an almost universal tongue for the diffusion of the faith over the world.—The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, accompanied by the Rev. Father Barry, left Rome for Ireland, via Naples and London.—Two Canadian bishops are in Rome upon their *ad limina* visit. They are Mgr. Anthony Racine, Bishop of Sherbrooke, and Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet. They are staying at the Canadian college in the via Quattro Fontane.—The fact which we notified to the *Catholic Times* some weeks ago, that the Catholic hierarchy has been definitely established in Japan, has now, and only now, been officially announced.

VATICAN AUDIENCES.

His Holiness has been pleased to give audience to the following persons: Mgr. Priori, Bishop of Asrisel; Mgr. Giustiani, Archbishop of Sorrento; Mgr. Rossi, Bishop of Civita Vecchia and Corneto; Mgr. Cumino, Bishop of Biella; Mgr. Valfè di Bonezo, Bishop of Cuneo; Mgr. Arpiarian, Bishop of Karputh (Armenian); Mgr. Gronard, Apostolic-Vicar of Alhaloscha; Mgr. Cocchia, Archbishop of Chieti; and Mgr. Gerbino, Bishop of Gallagirone.—*Roman Correspondence Liverpool Catholic Times.*

IT MAKES THE DEAF HEAR.

Success of a Novel Instrument—the Mysterious Restoration of Deafness by an Unseen Device—Old Theories Successfully Applied.

During the past few years there have beeen many rumors of the restoration, in some mysterious way, of the hearing of those who were known to have been deaf for many years. This had led to an investigation by those interested, and it has been found that the happy change has been made by the use of a most simple, yet ingenious device, which was invented by a gentleman in Bridgeport, Conn., named H. C. Wales. This device is the same to the ears as are glasses to the eyes, and is simply a soft rubber disc, arranged on a rubber spring, and so shaped that when inserted in the ear it will focus the wave of sound on the natural drum, thus increasing the vibration of the latter.

The possibilities of a device of this nature have long been known, but the many attempts to use this knowledge have been such utter failures that it was considered beyond our present knowledge of the ear to make a practical instrument of the kind. Consequently when this device was first invented not much attention was given to the same, as it was thought to be merely an old enemy in a new dress; but gradually this slight prejudice was dispelled, until, at the present time, most physicians and aurists look kindly upon the instrument, and seem pleased at the success it is meeting.

At a recent interview Mr. Wales made the remarkable statement that, to his knowledge, the device which he calls Sound Disc, had never failed where relief was afterward obtained by any medical, surgical or mechanical means, excepting a powerful ear trumpet, which he says is more powerful than his device. It would seem to be an ideal device for the deaf, as it is worn in the ear, out of sight, for months at a time, and, as far as we can learn, is pronounced safe and comfortable for the patient. Many times it has proven itself to be an advancement in the science of acoustics by relieving the most obstinate cases which had defied medical treatment for years.

What may be the ultimate result of the use of this device—whether the results thus far obtained will warrant its use in such a variety of cases that it will stop the progress of deafness in the future to such an extent that it will avoid the use of ear trumpets we cannot say; but the desirability of a device of this nature, as regards its safety, its benefit and general comfort to the user, [illegible] will fail to admire.

The Century Magazine.

The following tribute to the American magazine is contained in the report of the Secretary of the Interior just submitted to Congress: "Your attention is also requested to the paper contributed by *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for November, 1891, entitled 'A Rival of the Yosemite—the Canon of the South Fork of Kings River, California.' It furnishes maps of this section and is illustrated by most admirable engravings of the wonderful scenery there existing. The engravings are chiefly from the pencil of Mr. Charles D. Robinson. These gentlemen, as well as the editors of *The Century*, especially Mr. Johnson, have taken a great personal interest in the forest reserves in California, and are worthy of great consideration, both from their experience and intelligence. The magazine article mentioned advocates the extension of the Sequoia National Park so as to embrace the Kings River region and the Kaweah and Tule Sequoia groves. The boundaries are there set forth. The subject is recommended to your favorable consideration and action.

Help but Don't Coerce.

To help nature in its efforts to throw off the trammels of disease is, of course, the legitimate method of medication. This method is, unfortunately, too often diverged from and help perverted into coercion. Drastic, excessive purging is undoubtedly the most frequent form of coercion of this sort. The bowels are forced, literally wrenched into action. Of course this is accompanied with much griping pain, and succeeded by exhaustion, which leaves the organs of evacuation in a state incompatible with subsequent regularity and activity. The last state of that man or woman who uses drastic cathartics for constipation is decidedly worse than the first. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest laxative in existence, since it produces the needful but no abnormal action, is progressive, not abrupt in operation, and strengthens instead of weakening the organs upon which it acts. Use it for malarial, kidney rheumatic and dyspeptic ailments.

H. F. DELNO & Co.,
Columbus, Ohio. July 3, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—My plating machine received, everything in perfect order and works perfectly. I unpacked it and commenced at once and plated seven breastpins and a ring in a short time. I am delighted with the work. People are bringing all the forks, spoons, watches, jewelry, etc., that I can plate. Enclosed find $5 for one plater for my cousin. More orders soon. A. KRIVER.

Write above firm for circulars.

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Hallo!" exclaimed Barrett suddenly, as his eye caught an object in the distance, "there they come—their *scout courier*, at all events—he is greatly in advance of his party."

"He is a mounted yeoman, and making for Scarmore House. Now, Colonel, I think it would be a mighty easy thing to surprise that fellow and make him prisoner."

"My own idea, exactly, and we will try it."

Having briefly explained their object to Capt. O'Keane, who was intently on the look out, the pair rode towards the lonely mansion house on the shore. As they did so, black columns of smoke arose on the horizon, and blaze after blaze glared in the distance, betokening the ruthless and destructive advance of the English columns from Sligo, under command of Dawson, Earl of Portarlington. "A train of fire (says an eye-witness) too clearly distinguished their line of march, flaming up from the houses of the unfortunate peasants."

"There come the cursed burners and hangmen!" exclaimed Horkan, as the dismal spectacle made him and his companion spur their horses to greater speed; "Heaven save the poor people now! Caution, Colonel, or this scoundrel, whoever he is, may see us and shoot us from the windows."

Leaping from their saddles they silently approached the house. Suddenly they were startled to hear from within a loud, shrill scream.

Barrett burst in the door and dashed upstairs. A report rang out and a bullet sang by his ear, discharged by no other than Billy Moran, whose fire he instantly returned. In the smoke of the two shots the yeoman mysteriously disappeared—he had ensconced himself in the secret chamber—and Barrett sprang forward and rushed in his arms the fainting form of Maeve O'Donnell.

"Revive, Maeve," he entreated, the first hand grasping over, "this is no time for weakness, the enemy are upon us."

"That ruffian of a yeo!" cried Horkan, sabre in hand he rushed from room to room, "he is skulking in some hiding place and I'm afraid we won't have time to find his rascally carcase."

Boom! came the near report of a cannon, corroborating his opinion.

Barrett assisted his rescued betrothed towards the door. As he did so he stumbled over the gaunt corpse of the old woman who had acted as her jailer, and who had been shot through the head by the bullet he aimed at Moran.

Briefly Maeve explained that, seeing the insurgents, whom she knew by their green flag in the distance, she had made a desperate attempt to escape, and had almost overpowered the hag when Moran arrived and seized her, causing her to utter the scream which alarmed her rescuers.

She was now placed on the yeoman's horse and conveyed to the insurgent's lines, where a trusty escort was instructed to immediately convey her across the river to the left and on in safety to Killala. With hasty and tearful prayers she took leave of Barrett, who placed himself at the head of the relics of his gallant legion.

An unequal conflict was that which ensued. The insurgents who had muskets replied right bravely to the fire of the enemy—who were opposed to the Queen's County militia (Portarlington's own regiment), a detachment of the Twenty fourth Dragoons, and five yeomanry corps of Sligo, under Wynne, O'Hara, Crofton, Ormsby and Woods, with two field pieces—but, avoiding coming to close quarters with the eager pikemen, the scarlet clad belligerents depended greatly upon the fire of their cannon.

The sweeping discharges did sad execution among the ranks on the hillside. At each lurid flash of the guns came the deadly grape, its baleful rush resembling the passing of a flight of birds. Brave men were momentarily falling, to bedew the sward with their lifeblood, and at length O'Keane and Barrett were obliged to order a retreat.

As soon as the attacking force discerned this movement the English cavalry trumpets sounded "pursuit," and the fierce dragoons galloped forward with thirsty blades.

But now shone out the conspicuous bravery and ability of Shemus Dhuv Horkan, who commanded the small corps of Irish cavalry. Drawing his sword he placed himself at the head of his men and encouraged them to meet the charge, so as to cover the retreat of the infantry.

"Come on, boys! No cowards here! Give the bloody dragoons a taste of Castlebar!"

His half disciplined troopers answered with a wild yell and pluckily charged the advancing enemy. There was a brief clashing of steel and crackling of pistol shots, and the English dragoons retired in confusion. Then Horkan drew off his men in good order and ably covered the retreat of the main body, occasionally halting to indulge in some effective carbine practice.

The affair unfortunately closed with a fearful tragedy of a peculiar nature. Right of the insurgent position lay the village of Carrowgarden, occupied chiefly by Protestant and loyalist families; and these poor villagers despite their principles, now fell victims to the savage ferocity of the king's troops, who entered the cottages, hurled aside the shrieking women and children, and shot or bayoneted the unfortunate owners, who vainly strove to shield or conceal themselves, turning the place into a ghastly pandemonium of slaughter.

Strange accounts, usually unreliable, attribute the Carrowgarden massacre to a questionable *ruse de guerre* on the part of John McDonough or "Pitcher," one of the insurgent officers present on the occasion, who, they say, placed several of the villagers in front of his division, and these men in flying to their homes attracted thither the pursuers, who perpetrated a fearful butchery of devoted loyalists.

However, the autumn sun set that even ing on a corpse strewn field, a mourning village, and a town where the most intense alarm prevailed.

"Eu bien, Citizen Barrett, perhaps you who are so successful in discovering lost ladies might know the whereabouts of one Miss Mabel Fortescue, whose brother, a reverend gentleman, was unfortunately shot by our men a few days after our landing?" inquired True, the French commandant, on Barrett's return.

"No; I have not seen Miss Fortescue since the day we marched from here to join the army of Humbert."

"Peste! she has disappeared from here. A gentleman claiming to be her brother has been made prisoner by our men on suspicion of being a spy, after having traveled, as he says, all the way from Dublin on hearing of the calamity to his brother. I have sent him to Killala to Col. Charost to be examined."

"I believe he is what he says," put in Capt. O'Keane, "William Charles Fortescue, M.P. for Louth, and nephew and heir of Lord Clermont."

"His sister is a devoted loyalist, but we croppies respect and protect ladies, and it will be easy for him to find her—much easier, I fear, than it will be for many of us to find our relatives, or they us, as soon as yonder slaughter fiends shall have settled anew to their bloody work."

Barrett spoke with gloomy foreboding. He had just taken a sad farewell of his relatives, whom he expected never to see again on earth, and was about to depart to the destined scene of the last mournful struggle of the insurrection.

"Courage, *mon ami*," exhorted Captain True, "you may yet be able to make honorable terms for life and liberty. The hour of disaster has not yet come."

"It is very near, in any case!" excitedly cried a bespattered horseman who arrived at this moment. "Maguire's pickets have been fired on, and Trench's army is at Crossmolina. The English have put us between two fires, and we are in for another Ballinamuck!"

CHAPTER XX.

A miserable night of fierce equinoctial wind and rain was settling over Killala town as Patrick Barrett rode in. How changed his thoughts and manner since the night a month previously he entered blithe and buoyant, despite his pending duel with Croftus, in company with the adventurous original of "the exile of Erin!"

How vanished now his joyous dream of a free and independent fatherland! How crushed his bright hopes of seeing Ireland proudly take her place among the nations!

The little town was crowded, and excited groups drew aside to let him pass as his horse splashed along the wet roadway. Pikeheads and gun-barrels flashed in the light that streamed from doors and windows. Nor was the throng, in face of the approaching peril, a sullen or despondent one; it was, on the contrary, cheerful and courageous. Snatches of song and bursts of laughter were heard in various directions. With the spirit of insurrection there had arisen a contempt of danger which seemed to daily increase, and which had braved even the dread news from Ballinamuck; the weary and wounded fugitives from that scene of slaughter still expressed themselves ready and willing to carry on the fight; and as for the people generally, instead of dispersing at the news and returning to their homes, they resorted in greater numbers to their camp in the bishop's meadows, where the insurgents were drilled daily, and all preparations made for a vigorous defense.

From the Steeple hill an excited crowd was watching the burning houses across the bay, whose flames still marked the wake of Portarlington's army.

"They are only a few cabins," remarked Bishop Stock, with a view towards abating the general feeling of disquiet and exasperation.

"A poor man's cabin is as valuable to him as a palace," retorted one of the insurgents.

Father Phelim McDonnell, a priest who had come from Ballina, which the burners had traversed, endeavored to quiet the spectators' minds:

"Only a few farmhouses have been burned, because they belonged to noted pillagers."

But the uneasy feeling remained, and was increased by the sound of cannon and musketry towards Ballina.

The town was vigilantly patrolled. For the preservation of order in this district of Col. Charost's "canton" a civil magistrate, unanimously chosen by the people, had been appointed—namely, Mr. James Devitt, a worthy and substantial local tradesman, who had under him two assistants and 150 men in three bodies. Nevertheless some houses in Killala and its neighborhood were raided by the more turbulent of the insurgents, who not only evaded the vigilance of Devitt's municipal guard, but also that of the French officers and Ferdinand O'Donnell.

Barrett found the latter in his room at the castle, a bed chamber on the middle floor. The young insurgent was pale and haggard, the result of much watching and worry, but on the entrance of his "brother rebel" he brightened up cheerily.

"So, friend Patrick, you have got away with whole skin. Ballinamuck to Killala—Scylla to Charbydis, eh? We are in a remarkably close corner here, my boy; they have got us in the palm of their hand. No matter; tomorrow you and I stand shoulder to shoulder in the last fight of the insurrection. You've got your baptism of fire already, but facing the redcoats will be a new experience to me, my business here having been the keeping of some sort of order and discipline among these poor fellows and the prevention of plunder. Heigh ho! troublesome work it was, and I'm almost glad it's over if only for the sake of getting a sleep—though, by the way, old fellow, something seems to whisper me that my coming repose shall be a very sound and dreamless one."

"A mere morbid fancy caused by want of rest," said Barrett; "I've often experienced it myself lately. And how is Maeve?"

"Poorly from the effects of her long captivity, and the excitement, and all. She is staying here, well cared for in the house of a friend. Those scoundrels who took her away—would I had my hands on their throats!"

"I've had a rather miserable time of it here, Barrett," continued O'Donnell; "the bishop and his family treat me coldly and distantly as an intruder and a rebel, though Heaven knows I have done my utmost to protect their property and that of every other loyalist around here. Such riding about as Charost, Ponson, and myself have had! yet, do what we could, some of the looters were too many for us; they gutted Castle Lacken to the walls, and made free with John Keon's liquor at Castlerea. The butler of the castle here got gloriously tight on the occasion, and indulged in shocking croppy language on his return, making things pretty lively till his lordship nearly floored him with an episcopal box on the ear and Charost locked him up to sleep till morning in his own pantry."

"A prison cell abounding in creature comforts," laughed Barrett. "It seems, Ferdy, some of your recruits know how to take care of themselves."

"Yes, rather too well. Fellows who probably never tasted a morsel of animal meat before the French landing have developed a powerful hankering for beef and mutton. Cattle and sheep *go leor*, paid for, *thiggin thu*, with the usual assignats payable hereafter by the Irish Republic, were driven into the camp and slaughtered for food, sometimes to such excess that for want of salt we had to bury some joints in the ground lest their rotting might breed infection. Way, one morning I saw half a dozen newly slaughtered carcasses of bullocks lying there below in the castle yard."

"Deplorable waste, Ferdy. Your men seem to have acted on the French king's principle, 'After us the deluge.'"

"We stopped the thing by proclaiming that anyone caught killing a beast without a written order from Devitt should be instantly shot. Hallo, there's the marching signal and I must be off," exclaimed O'Donnell, as the roll of a drum was heard in the courtyard.

"Where to?"

"On a reconnoitering trip towards Crossmolina, just to feel the pulse of the army of Trench—a critical business, my boy; but I daresay I'll get back all right from it."

Entering the Bishop's dining-room O'Donnell bade adieu to the assembled company. Having taken a glass of wine, filled for him by the Bishop's lady, he impressively commended all present to the care of heaven and departed.

Barrett was introduced to the men of parliament, Fortescue, now a guest of the Bishop. The heir of Lord Clermont was a man of tall and commanding figure.

"My sister Mabel, whom I have just been telling me of you," he said, "you have acted a brave and humane part, and that in unfortunately joining a cause, now virtually lost, you were inspired by noble motives."

Suddenly the door was thrown open and the castle gardener rushed in.

"Capt. O'Donnell is dead! Capt. O'Donnell is dead! after bein' killed by one of them!"

"Capt. O'Donnell is dead!" a second messenger of ill, a Protestant minister named Marshall, (whose house had been destroyed, "I saw him this instant pulled down and killed!"

Not sudden alarm but merriment appeared on the face of Barrett and his dear.

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall," the latter, looking at his sister, "a timid and nervous woman, you done your best to kill us."

"I wish," said Dr. [illegible] with acerbity, "that I could defend myself from the intrusion of ill news, at least at meal times."

"Small sympathy here for the death of a mere rebel," thought our colonel as he descended to the courtyard, anticipating some serious mutiny and expecting to gaze on the dead body of his friend.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

"Donahoe's Monthly Magazine" for January, 1892, is an issue that must please it numerous patrons. We can mention but a few of the leading articles: "Father" Hall and his troubles in the Episcopal Church; Canon Mortara, abducted by Pius IX., (with a portrait); Irish Celebrities of New York, John D. Crimmins; Washington Crosses the Delaware Christmas Night; Rosa Mulholland talks of Cork; Angel: A Life Sketch, by the author of "Bonnie Dunraven"; the second Canto of the Clan-na-Loughlan; Universal Expectation of the Virgin and the Messias; full particulars of the conversion of Rev. James Fielding Spalding, D.D., with his address at the church he formerly occupied in Cambridge, Mass. More space is given to the juveniles. Now is the time to subscribe. $2.00 a year $1.00 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

Faded, jaded, tired, overworked women—weak, nervous, delicate and suffering ones. These are the women who are helped to health and strength by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. And if it doesn't do what its makers claim for it, they don't want your money.

For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, the "Prescription" is a safe and certain remedy—a *guaranteed* one. In "female complaints" of every nature, periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhœa, and all kindred ailments—if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

No other medicine for women is sold on such trying terms. If any *could* be, you may be sure that it *would* be. Is something else which pays the dealer better, likely to be "just as good?"

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAELIC POETRY.

Dom' Sheas-Fhios.

Tamall geárr ó shoin, bhí air taisbeánt i bhfuinneoig díolbhótha an fhir-Eireannaigh sin, Séamuis Uí Bhógáin, de'n chathair seó, seanphíos a bhí "amuigh" 'san m-bliadhain 1798. Air thráthnóna airighthe, mar do bhídheas ag feuchaint air an iarsma luachmhar seó, do thárla dhá Eireannach suas chum na fuinneoige; agus mar d'fheuchadar air an b-pios, thosuigh seanachas eatorra. Do réir cáinte fir aca, ghlac a sheas-athair páirt i n-athchogadh '98, mar an g-ceudna bhí a athair i g-ceannaire 'sé leis an b-pios a d'iomchar an seanduine leith-cheud bliadhain roimhe sin; agus do thuigeas ó'n mhéid do chualaidh mé, ná'r chuir an cáinteoir e féin mórán muinighne i "m-briathraibh milse," agus gur bhuala sé leis an roinn Eireannach a chreideas pios mó i seanpós troda ár sinnsear, 'ná 'san nós nuadh a tá d'á chur air aghaidh i nEirinn go láthaireach. Ins na liutighibh a leanas is é mo chára na fuinneoige a labhras:

Tá metrg díomhaoinis dod' mhíleadh,
A shean-phíos, crochta tá shuas:
Acht deunfad do cheann-sa níos gile,
'S níos géire 'bá bhí sé air d-tús
'Nuair thaiuic sé soilleasch a's dealrach
O lámh ghlic an ghabha fad ó,
Sul d'iomchar mo shean-athair treun thé
I míle ocht g-ceud acht an dó.

Seadh, sianfad gach gmál a tá ort-sa,
'Gus faobhrochad cruaidh do chion:
Aon lorg dubh-shuithche na m-bliadhantadh
Ní fhágfad air fhuinneoig do chroinn.
Is luachmhaire thusa ceud uair dam
'Ná'n truagán go léir in mo thigh,
Oir ní cheanndéchadh dr buidhe an domhain thé,
A shean-phíos dí his mo chroidhe!

Dá m-bh'fhéidir leat labhairt liom, a phíos,
Is iomdha sgeul d'innseóchadh dham
Air fhulangaibh fíochmhar' mo shinnsear
Tré bhliadhantaibh géir-leanamhain trom.
Is iomdha radharc déiseach d'fheuch tú
In scrannaibh móra an t-saoghail,
'Nuair ba chlaoidhte, ba chreachta 's ba cheusta
Bhí fíor-chlanna eródha na nGaodhal.

Acht, righnis do dhíthchioll, a phíos,
Chum neirt an tíoránaigh do chlaoi,
Oir go miais do tharruingis tuiste
As tobar dhubh-dhearg a chroídhe.
Is iomdha créachd nimhneach a d'fhág tú
Air cholnaidh a sheas in do shúghe,
Agus 's iomdha "fear dearg" do shín tú
'San g-codhladh a mhairfeas a choidhch'.

Sin bearna—is bearna mhaith, mhór í—
Do baineadh as d'fhaobhar ro-ghéur,
'Nuair thuit sé air chlogad án cinn-fhir,
'Gus d'fhág é 'na chorp air an bh-feur;
B'é sin an cheud bhuille do bhuail tú
Ag Oulart, 'an dr thocuigh an gleschd
Do mheisnigh treun-mhíotail na n-daoineadh
Chum troda na laetheadh bhí teacht.

[Le Bheith Leanta.]

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

A meeting was held recently at Milan of the Anarchists to protest against the observance of the Law of Guarantees. The Canabbiana Theatre was the scene of this respectable outburst. The Atheist Deputy, Musst, who presided, raved for some time against church and clergy, but, becoming much too violent and incoherent, the police wisely cleared the stage.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Many will remember Harry Crisp, the actor, now dead, who was a brother of Judge Crisp of Georgia, the new speaker of the house of representatives. Harry Crisp played with Louis Aldrich in "My Partner."

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. McGill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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JEROME I. CASE DEAD.

The Well-Known Horse Breeder Passes Away at Racine.

MILLIONAIRE FROM A SMALL START.

When He Located in the Wisconsin City He Barely Had Money Enough to Build a Small Shop to Manufacture Threshing Machines—The Plant Now Covers Forty Acres—His Fortune Estimated at $3,000,000—Brief Summary of the Dead Man.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 22.—Jerome I Case, known throughout this country as a manufacturer and a horse breeder, died at his home in this city at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr. Case leaves a widow and four children. His son Jackson is now mayor of this city. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made. When Mr. Case came to Racine he was able to raise just money enough to build a shop large enough for the manufacture of one

J. I. CASE.

threshing machine at a time. The plant now covers forty acres. It is estimated that his fortune amounts to $5,000,000.

Jerome Increase Case was born Oswego county, New York, Dec. 11, 1819. His parents were among the pioneer settlers of western New York, having removed from Rensselaer county to Williamstown when it was little more than a hamlet surrounded by a dense wilderness. Young Case attended the district school during the winter months until he was 16 years of age. At that time his father purchased the right to use and sell a one-horse tread power threshing machine and Jerome was installed as manager of it. He stuck to this until 1840, when, being of age, he branched out for himself in the thrashing business.

Threshing Machines on Credit.

When the autumn's work was finished he had saved quite a snug sum, which he resolved to expend in securing a better education than he then possessed. He accordingly entered the academy of Mexicoville, N. Y.. and devoted himself to such studies as would help him in the business to which he intended to apply himself—the construction of labor-saving machinery. In the spring of 1842 he procured six threshing machines on credit and starting west located at Racine in the territory of Wisconsin. Five of the machines were readily disposed of, and retaining the remaining one he traveled through the country threshing grain for farmers. In the fall of 1843, finding his machine was all but worn out, he set to work to rebuild it upon models and plans of his own. When he had completed the task he found he had a machine much better than he could buy in the east. He had so many offers for the new machine that he soon sold it at a handsome profit and started in to manufacture thrashers. In the winter of 1844 Mr. Case invented and made the machine that eventually made his fortune. It was a thrasher and separator combined and the first of its kind ever used in the west. It did away with a second winnowing to separate the chaff from the grain and was a great success. He at once began the manufacture of these machines, making constant improvements.

Mayor of Racine.

In 1847 Mr. Case erected his first building. It was of brick, thirty feet wide, eighty feet long and three stories in height and at the it was considered amply large enough for all demands for fifty years to come. In less than thirteen it was only one of the many buildings comprising the plant which covered several acres of ground and comprised docks for vessels, furnaces, molding rooms, paint shops, belt factory, dry kilns and workshops filled with machinery used in the manufacture of farm implements. In 1863 Mr. Case practically retired from business, disposing of the greater part of his interest to Stephen H. Bull, Robert H. Baker and M. Erskine, all residents of Racine. Mr. Case was elected mayor of Racine in 1856 and again in 1859. He was also elected to the state senate in the latter part of 1856 and served two years. Later on he was a member of the State Agricultural society and was one of the founders of the Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters. In 1849 Mr. Case married Lydia A., daughter of De Grove Bull of Yorkville, Wis.

Mr. Case was even better known as an owner and lover of trotting horses than as a manufacturer or millionaire, since at one time he owned the champion trotting stallion in Phallas, 2:13 3-4, and the fastest trotter in the world in Jay-Eye-See, 2:10, a little black gelding that he purchased in Kentucky a good many years ago for $500, before the colt was broken, and that subsequently developed so much speed that as a 4-year-old he trotted in 2:19, which was at that time the fastest mile by a trotter of that age, and subsequently held the world's trotting record by a mile in 2:10 at Providence, it being only a few days later that Maud S. came out at Cleveland and lowered Jay-Eye-See's mark.

A Practical Horseman.

Phallas has been succeded as the champion trotting stallion by half a dozen other horses since he made his record of 2:13 3-4 about ten years ago, but in their day these horses were the turf sensations and caused Mr. Case's name to be published everywhere on account of his ownership of the animals. Mr. Case was a practical horseman, and from his boyhood had been interested in trotting and driving on the road, being himself an expert reinsman. He established what is now known as the Hickory Grove stock farm, a couple of miles south of Racine, a good many years ago, and the first famous horse to be taken there was the black stallion Governor Sprague, for whom Mr. Case paid $27,500 after he had seen the horse trot half a mile as a 5-year-old in 1:09, which was a phenomenal rate of speed for a horse of that age in those days. Governor Sprague made a record of 2:20 1-2 the same season, thereby crowning himself the fastest 5-year-old stallion that had appeared up to that time, and Mr. Case was naturally very proud of the black horse's performances, as in addition to having a fast and level-headed trotter Governor Sprague was also a perfect pet in the stable. He died some years later, being still owned by Mr. Case, and his progeny have in nearly every instance turned out to be fast trotters.

Of late years Mr. Case has turned the management of his farm to his only son, Jackson I. Case, a young man of 27, who has already managed to get himself elected mayor of Racine and who, in addition to possessing his father's hustling qualities in other directions, is also very fond of fast horses. Last summer he championed a string of trotters, doing his own driving and doing it well. It is pure love of the sport that keeps young Case on the trotting turf, as his father's wealth of course made it unnecessary for him to go into the business from any other point of view.

Suicide of Case's Son-in-Law.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 22.—Captain Edward L. Baker committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the head. He was one of the trustees of the estate of his brother, which was valued at $2,000,000, and was guardian of the five sons, all minors. To the three eldest he had given an accounting. Last Saturday Mr. Stephen Bull and Major Jackson I. Case, acting for his father, who died this morning, and who was a bondsman of Captain Baker, learning that he held mortgages on Dakota land, held in trust for the other sons, called on him and asked him to give an accounting. This is now pending. Captain Baker had made many unfortunate investments, but his friends claim that his fortune is not impaired, although this is not generally believed. They claim that illness had temporarily unsettled his mind.

Should Have Hit Him Some Harder.

BRISTOL, Tenn., Dec. 22.—News has just reached here that Saturday evening a white man named Baker, about 30 years of age, assaulted a little white girl only 7 years of age, living at Mendota, Va. He was arrested immediately after and brought before his victim for identification. The father of the child hit Barker with a stick and he was left for dead, or he would have been lynched on the spot. Subsequently he recovered and was put in jail, but had to be taken by stealth to Abingdon to avert a lynching.

Hurlbert in Mexico.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The World says it can announce upon information obtained from an unimpeachable source that William Henry Hurlbert is in Mexico. Hurlbert selected the country where he could best escape the consequences of his alleged crime in England. Perjury is not one of the extraditable offences included in England's treaty with Mexico. Mr. Hurlbert may stay there as long as he pleases, or he may go to the continent of Europe and be free from arrest. He cannot, however, live in his own country.

Patent Lawyers Opposed to Woods.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Certain patent lawyers of Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and other cities are up in arms against the appointment of Judge Woods, of Indiana, to the federal circuit. They say Woods knows nothing of mechanics, and that patent cases will be half of the practice of his court. Judge Blodgett is the only judge who does know anything of such things, and he is going to retire, which will leave all such business to Woods, and ruin the business.

A Missing Heir Found.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Dec. 22.—John Givens, the missing heir to the immense Givens estate here, has been found in Wheeling, W. Va. He has been missing since last June, when he left for San Francisco. He was heard from on his arrival there and then all trace of him was lost. His baggage was found in San Francisco, and it was supposed he had been murdered and the body concealed. He was mourned for dead here. The executor of the estate, Mr. H. B. Hubbard, heard from him Tuesday morning.

Banquet at Boston.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—Nearly 800 persons attended the banquet and literary exercises in Music hall last night given by the Congressional club in celebration of Forefathers' Day. Speeches were made by Hon. George Marden, Rev. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, Conn.; Hon. James W. Patterson, of Hanover, N. H.; and Rev. R. R. Meredith, of Brooklyn. Governor Russell and Lieutenant Governor Haile sent letters of regret.

Yaas, Does Look Rather Vigorous.

BUENOS AYRES Dec. 22.—The friends of General Roca are making a vigorous campaign in his behalf. At La Plata, Sunday night, the municipal secret police seized a large quantity of small arms, Kruppe guns and other munitions of war which had been disembarked there. The governor has augmented the police and military forces. A quantity of arms has been deposited in the house of General Roca.

Work in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—In the senate Tuesday over a hundred new bills were introduced. During the ten minutes' executive session the senate confirmed the nomination of Stephen B. Elkins as secretary of war, referred to appropriate committees a number of postmasters' nominations received and released the seal of secrecy upon.

Too Much Cotton Raised.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 22.—Farmers and state commissioners of agriculture from five states are in session here considering the low price of cotton. A movement is on foot to organize throughout the south and to reduce the acreage. Another meeting will be held here in January, and delegates from every southern state will be present.

Help for Russia from Ohio.

URBANA, O., Dec. 22.—John H. James, of this city, wrote to the Russian charge d'affaires in Washington to know if the people of Russia were really nearly starving, as reported in the press. He received the reply from the charge d'affaires that the reports were too true. He will at once start subscriptions for relief

Broke Through the Ice and Drowned.

DANIELSONVILLE, Conn., Dec. 22.—Two brothers named Joseph and Alphonso Tavois, aged 17 and 14 years respectively, broke through the ice while skating on the Quinnebaug river Sunday and were drowned.

Heligoland Washing Away.

BERLIN, Dec. 24.—A large portion of the famous south cliff of Heligoland has been dislodged by the force of recent gales, and crumbled away.

SENATOR PLUMB DEAD.

The Kansas Statesman Summoned to the Unknown.

APOPLEXY THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

His Health Had Been Poor for Months, and Contrary to the Advice of Friends He Persisted in Hard Work—Backing Out of a Journey Which Might Have Had a Beneficial Result.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Preston B. Plumb, United States senator from Kansas, died at ten minutes before 12 o'clock Sunday. An attack of apoplexy which came on him Saturday night was the immediate cause of his death. Senator Plumb had not been well for several months, and only last June had an attack similar to that which came on Saturday night. He was one of the hardest workers in public life. Big frame, full of force and energy, he never permitted himself any relaxation or rest. Friends of the senator observed last spring that his health was failing and they saw at once that it was overwork. After his attack in the summer he planned a vacation trip to Europe. George R. Peck, the solicitor of the Santa Fe road, and another Kansas friend were to accompany him. Mr. Plumb went so far as to engage passage, but at the last moment he backed out.

A Very Busy Man.

He said he had too much work to do and could not spare the time. His friends made the trip without him and he remained at home and took up again his business cares and public duties. Returning to Kansas he entered the campaign and made speech after speech, notwithstanding the protests of his physician. When he came back to Washington a few weeks ago he was visibly broken in health. He complained of frequent attacks of dizziness and at times his vision became suddenly obscured. He consulted various physicians. His case puzzled the most of them. Finally Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, told him he must quit work or lose his life; that he was in danger of death from apoplexy.

Ready to Take a Rest.

Mr. Plumb said he would rest for a while, and at a meeting of his committee—the senate committee on public lands—last Thursday morning he told his fellow senators that he expected to do very little work this session. Then he went into the executive session of the senate the same afternoon and made a speech, in his usual vigorous and pointed style, against rushing the recess nominations through in such haste. Leaving the senate he went to Philadelphia to again see his physician. Saturday evening he returned to Washington feeling a little better. Three of his friends, ex-Postmaster General Frank Hatton, General Mahone of Virginia, and Senator Squire of Washington, sat talking with him until a late hour, and it was after midnight when the senator retired to his room. About 3 o'clock in the morning he suddenly became ill. Although deathly sick he managed to climb a flight of stairs to a room above and aroused Mr. Jennings, his landlord.

Thought It Was a Headache.

"I am very sick," said the senator. "I think you had better call a doctor."

Mr. Jennings at once went after Dr. Wales, ex-surgeon general of the navy. The physician found the senator suffering from what he at first supposed was a severe headache. Mr. Plumb was also affected with nausea, and it was not until morphine had been hypodermically that he rested easier. At 6 o'clock Dr. Wales went away believing that his patient was on the road to recovery. Mr. Jennings remained in the senator's room, and about 7 o'clock he was startled by observing Mr. Plumb suddenly spring from his bed. He exclaimed, "My God, my God, how my head hurts!" and was immediately again attacked with a fit of nausea.

Passed Peacefully Away.

Mr. Jennings helped him back to bed, and rubbed the senator's forehead until he dropped to sleep a few minutes afterward. From this sleep he never awoke. About 10 o'clock Frank Flenniken, the senator's private secretary, and Colonel Manning, a Kansas friend who had made an appointment with him the evening before for that hour, called at his rooms. They were astonished to find him ill, and as he was apparently sleeping quietly they refrained from disturbing him. They sat in the room, however, watching by his bedside, though they did not apprehend that his illness was serious.

Passed Quietly Away.

Shortly after 11 o'clock they observed the senator breathing heavily.

"I don't quite like that," said Colonel Manning, "and I think I had better go after the doctor."

He did so and met Dr. Wales just outside on the way to Mr. Plumb's room. When Dr. Wales came in and examined the patient he saw that death was near.

"He is a very sick man," remarked the physician. "His tongue is paralyzed and he is suffering from apoplexy."

Senator Plumb was then unconscious and every effort was made for his restoration, but without avail. His breathing became more and more stentorous, and at 11:50 o'clock the senator breathed his last. The flag upon the senate wing of the capitol was immediately placed at half mast and the news spread with great rapidity over the city.

Troubled with Pains.

In less than half an hour a dozen or more of the dead senator's colleagues were in his room. Among them were Senators Squire and Cullom, who afterward said the senator's face wore a calm and placid look and about his lips was the suggestion of a smile. Senator Cullom says that on Thursday afternoon last in the senate restaurant Senator Plumb sat down beside him and remarked that he was not feeling very well.

"Nothing serious, I hope," said Mr. Cullom.

"No, nothing is the matter with me," said Mr. Plumb. "My doctor says I must go slow for a few days, and build myself up. I am troubled, and have been for some time, with pains in the back of my head, and to-night I am going over to Philadelphia to see Dr. Pepper about that. I hope to be all right in a week or two, and think I had better take some rest meanwhile."

Appointed by Governor Fifer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 21.—The governor has reappointed R. N. Lawrence of Lincoln member of the board of dental examiners and N. K. Fairbank of Chicago commissioner. He also appointed A. J. Boylan of Peoria officer for the enforcement of the law for prevention of cruelty to animals in Peoria, to succeed M. C. Quinn, term expi

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Speaker Crisp Announces the House Committee on Rules.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—At the opening of the house Wednesday the speaker announced the committee on rules as follows: The speaker, Messrs. McMillin, Catchengs, Reed and Burrows. Burrows of Michigan, from the board of visitors to the military academy, presented the report of that body, to be referred to the committee on military affairs when appointed. Oates of Alamaba offered a resolution, which went to the committee on rules, providing for the appointment of a standing committee on order of business, to be composed of fifteen members, the speaker ex-officio chairman, to have charge of the arrangement and precedence of business before the house, always considering impartially the measures on the calendar.

Adjourned Until Saturday.

Taylor of Tennessee announced the death of his late colleague, the Hon. Leonidas C. Houk, and offered the customary resolution that the house had heard with regret of the death of Mr. Houk and as a mark of respect, the house adjourn. Before the resolution was put to a vote Bartine of Nevada, having reached the city, appeared at the bar of the house and was sworn in. Wheeler of Alabama, McRae of Arkansas, and Bryan of Nebraska were granted leave of absence. Taylor's resolution was then adopted and the house, after a session of ten minutes adjourned until Saturday, the 19th inst.

Senate Proceedings.

Petitions against the opening of the World's fair were numerous in the senate Wednesday. Some of them favored the appropriation of the $5,000,000 dollars asked by the management on the condition that the fair be closed on Sunday.

The judicial nominations sent in by the president were referred to the judiciary committee and the senate, after confirming about 300 nominations, adjourned for the day.

Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The president sent to the senate Wednesday the following nominations: To be United States circuit judge, William L. Putnam of Maine, first judicial circuit; Nathaniel Shipman of Connecticut, second judicial circuit; George Dallas of Pennsylvania, third judicial circuit; Nathan Goff of West Virginia, fourth judicial circuit; William H. Taft of Ohio, sixth judicial circuit, and William A. Woods of Indiana, seventh judicial circuit, and Warren Truitt of Oregon to be United States district judge of the district of Alaska.

RIOT AT CINCINNATI.

Taxpayers Raise Cain in the County Treasurer's Office.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 18.—There came near being a re-enactment of the bloody court house riot of 1884 here Friday morning. A great mob of taxpayers and others crushed into the county treasurer's office to pay their taxes and avoid the penalty. The bills were delayed until Thursday and it was impossible to take in all the money presented. One man put a revolver under the nose of the receiving teller and said he would shoot if the money was not accepted and receipted for at once.

Arrival of the Police.

The great crowd on the outside grew riotous and hurled stones through the window. One man was knocked insensible and two women were crushed almost to death. A riot alarm was sounded and a large body of police arrived and by a vigorous action cleared the streets and drove off the more belligerent rioters. There is great excitement over the affair.

Field Behind the Bars.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Edward M. Field was arraigned in part 1 of the court of general sessions before Judge Cowing. His counsel entered a plea of not guilty to the indictment and he was admitted to bail in $25,000. J. Pierpont Morgan and John T. Terry qualified as bondsmen. While at the bar Mr. Field kept his eyes cast down and big tears trickled down his cheeks. As soon as he left the courtroom he was arrested upon an order of arrest in civil suit brought by R. H. Dietz, who charges Field with hypothecating securities deposited with the latter's firm for a loan of $128,000. Field was taken to Ludlow Street jail.

Made a Discovery.

WARSAW, Ind., Dec. 21.—A farmer, while excavating for a bank barn, made an interesting discovery. At about the depth of twelve feet his pick suddenly sank into a hole. When the hole was enlarged and a light set down it was found to be a cave about twenty feet square, containing three human skeletons and one of some quadruped, supposed to be a horse. A stone hatchet and the charred coals of a wood fire lay at the feet of the skeletons. This is the third find of the kind that has been made in this neighborhood within the last year.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Dec. 21.—Engineer Phillip Davis and Assistant Engineer Robert Blair were instantly killed, and George Crews, a laborer, was fatally hurt by the explosion of a boiler used by contractors. The explosion was caused by letting cold water into the boiler, which was red hot but empty. The men were thrown a distance of nearly 200 yards and Blair and Davis were almost torn to pieces.

Double Lynching in Florida.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 18.—Thirty masked men alighted from a train at Live Oak, ran over to the residence of Sheriff Potsdamer, covered him with rifles and compelled him to surrender the keys to the jail. Going to the jail they took out two negroes charged with murdering H. D. Paramoure of Valdosta, Ga., at New Bronford, Fla., hanged them to a tree and riddled their bodies with bullets.

The Sunday Rest People.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 18.—The third national convention of the American Sabbath union came to a close Thursday. The principal question considered has been the Sunday closing of the World's fair. Colonel Elliott F. Shepherd, of New York, presided at all the sessions. Papers were read in favor of Sunday rest everywhere, and resolutions adopted of the same character.

Nebraska Law Unconstitutional.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 21.—The supreme court has affirmed the decision of the Douglass county district court in declaring unconstitutional the law passed by the legislature taking fire insurance companies a certain per cent. on risks accepted. The law virtually made the insurance companies pay the cost of sustaining the municipal fire departments.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Events of a Week Condensed for Hurried Readers.

Policeman Skinner of Des Moines, Ia., shot and fatally wounded Sim Deardon, who struck the officer with a car link while being arrested.

Miss Catherine Weed Barnes of Albany, granddaughter of the late Thurlow Weed, has accepted the editorship of the amateur photograph department of Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Acting Deputy Grand Chief Rumsy of the Order of Railway Telegraph Operators, Monday ordered all the members of the order employed on the Southern Pacific to strike.

Senator Washburn has introduced a bill in the United States senate defining "futures" and "options" and imposing special taxes on dealers therein.

An incorporation license has been issued by the secretary of state at Springfield, Ills., to the Dr. E. H. Leduce company of Hinckley, organized for the purpose of curing the liquor habit.

The United States supreme court holds that the tax levied upon the gross receipts of the Grank Trunk Railway company of Canada by the state of Maine was constitutional.

Fire at Oakes, N. D., destroyed property worth $30,000, insured for about $20,000. Mr. Schmidt Nelson was burned to death in his office.

The insurgents in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, have been disbanded, and the governors of two states, appointed by Fonseca, have resigned.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday as compiled by the New York Produce exchange was 42,253,285 bushels, an increase of 600,701 bushels, and of corn 3,065,366 bushels, an increase of 836,608 bushels.

Marie Knoepfleva committed suicide at Ironwood, Wis. She left wealthy parents in the east and became waitress in a restaurant to be near her lover.

* * *

Fire destroyed the Matthews Barb Wire Fence company's plant at Lockport, N. Y.; loss, $60,000; partly insured; McLaughlin Bros.' hardware store and the Chicago Bargain house at Litchfield, Minn.; loss, $17,000; insurance, $10,000.

Mary Burgin of Coldwater, Mich., obtained judgment for $2,400 against John White for breach of promise.

Stephen Rowe, living near Charles City, Ia., was instantly killed by a buzz saw breaking from its bearings.

A New York man has sued a hospital for $50,0000 damages because, for alleged mistreatment, a simple fracture of his son's leg resulted in gangrene and amputation.

The Chemical National bank of Chicago has been authorized to begin operations. The capital is $1,000,000.

Iowa workmen will demand an Australian ballot law of the next legislature.

Charles Parker Alta, Ills., jumped into the river at Peoria with suicidal intent, but upon more mature reflection called for help and was rescued.

John Dillon was struck on the head with a stone and badly hurt in a polictical riot at Ennis, County Clare.

The superior court of New York has decided that Lillian Russell would have to pay $2,251.88 for breaking a theatrical contract because she could not wear tights in winter.

Mrs. Weigandt, of New Orleans, loaded her husband's revolver, then set her clothing on fire and shot herself twice in the breast fatally. Insane.

The French chamber of deputies has adopted a reduction of the import duties on petroleum.

At Denver the notorious Mike Ryan, convicted of drugging and robbing a countryman of $5,000, was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary.

Three beet sugar factories in California, which have shut down for the season, produced 8,070,136 pounds of sugar during the season. The total amount of bounty to be paid is $161,400.

The revolt in the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, has been quelled by government troops.

Snow is said to be eighteen feet deep in parts of New Mexico.

At Dixon, Ills., the Grand Detour Plow company and the Henderson Shoe company informed their employes that under no circumstances would Knights of Labor be employed in either establishment.

* * *

In the Barnaby case at Denver, a letter written by Dr. Graves to Mrs. Barnaby was read in which he threatened to have a guardian appointed for her in case she persisted in making what he deemed useless expenditures.

The North Dakota Millers' association, in session at Fargo has issued a circular in which it is stated that the millers of North Dakota have subscribed 50,000 pounds of flour, subject to an increase of double the amount, with a view of giving the people of the state an opportunity to contribute to the shipload being secured for the starving Russian peasants.

Manufacturers of wood-working machinery met at Chicago to form a trust.

Robert Kerr of Aberdeen and Donald MacGuire of Dundee, who have recently finished a bicycle tour through Europe which lasted seven months, will sail Saturday by the Cunard line for New York to make the journey from New York to San Francisco on bicycles.

The Rothchilds have just made another donation of 20,000 francs which is to be appropriated to the purchase of bread to be distributed among the poor families.

The health officer of the District of Columbia announces that la grippe was not epidemic in Washington.

The "Imperial" diamond which was recently purchased by the nizam of Hyderabad from a London dealer is valued at $1,500,000.

Telephones are put in the houses of Stockholm, Sweden, at a rent of $2.75 a year each. For each call, however, there is a charge of 2 1-2 cents extra.

The first German court of justice has held a session in Heligoland. The calendar was a blank. The clerk registered the fact that the court met and adjourned and all was over.

The are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor states cast in as well.

The French have invented and put on the market a substitute for butter, the basis for which is the fat obtained from the carcasses of freshly slaughtered cattle. It is said to be superior to any other artificial butter yet produced.

With the desire of giving her husband a true picture of herself, a woman in Atchison, Kan., had her photograph taken as she appeared at daily housework in her kitchen dress, with a baby in one arm and broom and dustpan on the other.

* * *

French consuls in Bulgaria have been ordered by their government to withdraw as a result of the expulsion from Bulgaria of M. Chadouine, a newspaper correspondent.

A boiler in Collett's sawmill at Ridgeville, Ind., exploded, killing three men and fatally injuring two more.

Chaplain McCabe, who raises church debts by the potent jackscrews of his magnetic appeal, says that the churches of this country should relieve Japan in her great distress by a gift of $2,000,000 or $5,000,000.

Freeport, Ills., authorities have forbidden the killing of sparrows within the city limits. Over 3,000 birds have thus far been killed.

In the Federation of Labor convention President Gompers expressed opinion that boycotts were ofttimes levied unjustly by local trades unions.

Speaker Crisp is a devoted family man. He exchanges daily letters with his wife when they are separated, as now.

John Turner, imprisoned at Monticello, Ills., charged with assaulting his 13-year-old step-daughter, declares he will commit suicide at the first opportunity.

At Pontiac, Ills., a young son of A. C. Johnson accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting.

James Ellison of Decatur, Ills., who last October abducted Clara Mills, aged 14 years, of Assumption, Ills., was given nine years in the Chester penitentiary.

A man named John Leahy, his wife and his grandson, were found dead in a lodging house at Bantry, near Cork. They died from poison. Much mystery attaches to the case, as to whether it is suicide or murder.

At a Spanish cabinet council it was decided to treble the import duties on a number of articles which are imported chiefly from France.

Fire at La Crosse, Wis., destroyed the stock and building of M. Morris & Co., clothiers, causing a loss of $52,000, insured for about $16,000.

* * *

In a freight wreck on the Louisville and Nashville road, A. L. Jones, the conductor, was killed.

Fire at Essexville, Mich., caused a loss of $16,000, on which there was $7,500 insurance.

John Mullany of Boscobel, Wis., was thrown from his wagon and his neck was broken by the fall.

Peter Kintz of Tiffin, O., who has been paralyzed for ten years, was fatally burned by his bed clothing catching fire from a stove.

William Wilson's jewelry store window was smashed in with a coupling pin at Pittsburg, and a tray containing $2,800 worth of diamonds was stolen. The robbers fastened the door on the outside before making the attempt.

John Burns of Davenport, Ia., had his arm torn off by a corn sheller, and will probably die.

At Namur, Belgium, a shoemaker has been sentenced to death for trying to poison his brother. It was proved that he had killed his sister and three other brothers.

At Pittsburg Porter, Donaldson & Co.'s wholesale millinery establishment was burned. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $82,500.

The gang of silver coin counterfeiters who have been operating in Texas for many months past are being run in. The following have been arrested: G. W. Warren, Ed Meyers, Punch Boyd and Dick Posten.

Oswald Baier was awarded $5,000 damages from the Missouri Pacific railway company at Nebraska City, Neb. His wife was killed by a passenger train at Weeping Water last year.

The Rev. E. J. Hamell, of Jacksonville, Ills., fell dead on a train while en route to the south to spend the winter.

A train consisting of twelve carloads of poultry consigned to Boston, passed through Ottawa, Ont. The duties on the freight amounted to $2,150.

George Miller fatally stabbed Jack Williams in a quarrel over a game of cards at Cairo, Mich.

Eugene McNally, who robbed the Northern Pacific express at Abbotsford, Wis., of $10,000, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 pins a year.

In Mississippi a lawyer has just been sentenced to six years' imprisonment for swindling negro women out of pension money.

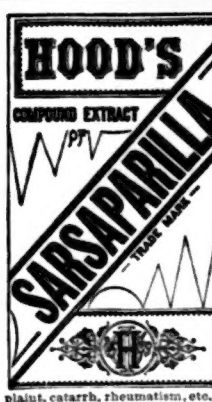
John Byrne had both legs broken and was injured on the head, Albert Anthony was seriously injured, and B. P. Carr and Peter Gustavsen were slightly injured by a caving bank, which buried them, at Hot Springs, S. D.

* * *

W. K. Marrinan, a Grafton, N. D., money loaner, has been missing since Dec. 4, and is supposed to have been lost in the snow.

Claude, the 18-year-old son of W. H. Stock, was drowned while skating on the river at Galena, Ills.

Frank Grady, a wealthy farmer 64 years old, residing six miles southwest of Madison, Wis., was killed by the overturning of his wagon.



Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Hallo!" exclaimed Barrett suddenly, as his eye caught an object in the distance, "there they come—their *scout courier*, at all events—he is greatly in advance of his party."

"He is a mounted yeoman, and making for Scarmore House. Now, Colonel, I think it would be a mighty easy thing to surprise that fellow and make him prisoner."

"My own idea, exactly, and we will try it."

Having briefly explained their object to Capt. O'Keane, who was intently on the look out, the pair rode towards the lonely mansion house on the shore. As they did so, black columns of smoke arose on the horizon, and blaze after blaze glared in the distance, betokening the ruthless and destructive advance of the English columns from Sligo, under command of Dawson, Earl of Portarlington. "A train of fire (says an eye witness) too clearly distinguished their line of march, flaming up from the houses of the unfortunate peasants."

"There come the cursed burners and hangmen!" exclaimed Horkan, as the dismal spectacle made him and his companion spur their horses to greater speed; "Heaven save the poor people now! Caution, Colonel, or this scoundrel, whoever he is, may see us and shoot us from the windows."

Leaping from their saddles they silently approached the house. Suddenly they were startled to hear from within a loud, shrill scream.

Barrett burst in the door and dashed upstairs. A report rang out and a bullet sang by his ear, discharged by no other than Billy Moran, whose fire he instantly returned. In the smoke of the two shots the yeoman mysteriously disappeared—he had esconced himself in the secret chamber—and Barrett sprang forward and clasped in his arms the fainting form of Maeve O'Donnell.

"Revive, Maeve," he entreated, the first hard struggle over, "this is no time for weakness, the enemy are upon us."

"That ruffian of a yeo!" cried Horkan, sabre in hand he rushed from room to room, "he is skulking in some hiding place and I'm afraid we won't have time to find his rascally carcase."

Boom! came the near report of a cannon, corroborating his opinion.

Barrett assisted his rescued betrothed towards the door. As he did so he stumbled over the gaunt corpse of the old woman who had acted as her jailer, and who had been shot through the head by the bullet he aimed at Moran.

Briefly Maeve explained that, seeing the insurgents, whom she knew by their green flag in the distance, she had made a desperate attempt to escape, and had almost overpowered the hag when Moran arrived and seized her, causing her to utter the scream which alarmed her rescuers.

She was now placed on the yeoman's horse and conveyed to the insurgent's lines, where a trusty escort was instructed to immediately convey her across the river to the left and on in safety to Killala. With hasty and tearful prayers she took leave of Barrett, who placed himself at the head of the relics of his gallant legion.

An unequal conflict was that which ensued. The insurgents who had muskets replied right bravely to the fire of the enemy—who were opposed to the Queen's County militia (Portarlington's own regiment), a detachment of the Twenty fourth Dragoons, and five yeomanry corps of Sligo, under Wynne, O'Hara, Crofton, Ormsby and Woods, with two field pieces—but, avoiding coming to close quarters with the eager pikemen, the scarlet clad belligerents depended greatly upon the fire of their cannon.

The sweeping discharges did sad execution among the ranks on the hillside. At each lurid flash of the guns came the deadly grape, its baleful rush resembling the passing of a flight of birds. Brave men were momentarily falling, to bedew the sward with their lifeblood, and at length O'Keane and Barrett were obliged to order a retreat.

As soon as the attacking force discerned this movement the English cavalry trumpets sounded "pursuit," and the fierce dragoons galloped forward with thirsty blades.

But now shone out the conspicuous bravery and ability of Shemus Dhuv Horkan, who commanded the small corps of Irish cavalry. Drawing his sword he placed himself at the head of his men and encouraged them to meet the charge, so as to cover the retreat of the infantry.

"Come on, boys! No cowards here! Give the bloody dragoons a taste of Castlebar!"

His half disciplined troopers answered with a wild yell and pluckily charged the advancing enemy. There was a brief clashing of steel and crackling of pistol shots, and the English dragoons retired in confusion. Then Horkan drew off his men in good order and ably covered the retreat of the main body, occasionally halting to indulge in some effective carbine practice.

The affair unfortunately closed with a fearful tragedy of a peculiar nature. Right of the insurgent position lay the village of Carrowgarden, occupied chiefly by Protestant and loyalist families; and these poor villagers despite their principles, now fell victims to the savage ferocity of the king's troops, who entered the cottages, hurled aside the shrieking women and children, and shot or bayoneted the unfortunate owners, who vainly strove to shield or conceal themselves, turning the place into a ghastly pandemonium of slaughter.

Strange accounts, usually unreliable, attribute the Carrowgarden massacre to a questionable *ruse de guerre* on the part of John McDonagh or "Pitcher," one of the insurgent officers present on the occasion, who, they say, placed several of the villagers in front of his division, and these men in flying to their homes attracted thither the pursuers, who perpetrated a fearful butchery of devoted loyalists.

However, the autumn sun set that evening on a corpse strewn field, a mourning village, and a town where the most intense alarm prevailed.

"Eu bien, Citizen Barrett, perhaps you who are so successful in discovering lost ladies might know the whereabouts of one Miss Mabel Fortescue, whose brother, a reverend gentleman, was unfortunately shot by our men a few days after our landing?" inquired True, the French commandant, on Barrett's return.

"No; I have not seen Miss Fortescue since the day we marched from here to join the army of Humbert."

"Peste! she has disappeared from here. A gentleman claiming to be her brother has been made prisoner by our men on suspicion of being a spy, after having traveled, as he says, all the way from Dublin on hearing of the calamity to his brother. I have sent him to Killala to Col. Charost to be examined."

"I believe he is what he says," put in Capt. O'Keane, "William Charles Fortescue, M.P. for Louth, and nephew and heir of Lord Clermont."

"His sister is a devoted loyalist, but we croppies respect and protect ladies, and it will be easy for him to find her—much easier, I fear, than it will be for many of us to find our relatives, or they us, as soon as yonder slaughter fiends shall have settled anew to their bloody work."

Barrett spoke with gloomy foreboding. He had just taken a sad farewell of his relatives, whom he expected never to see again on earth, and was about to depart to the destined scene of the last mournful struggle of the insurrection.

"Courage, *mon ami*," exhorted Captain True, "you may yet be able to make honorable terms for life and liberty. The hour of disaster has not yet come."

"It is very near, in any case!" excitedly cried a bespattered horseman who arrived at this moment. "Maguire's pickets have been fired on, and French's army is at Crossmolina. The English have put us between two fires, and we are in for another Ballinamuck!"

CHAPTER XX.

A miserable night of fierce equinoctial wind and rain was settling over Killala town as Patrick Barrett rode in. How changed his thoughts and manner since the night a month previously he entered blithe and buoyant, despite his pending duel with Charost, in company with the adventurous original of "the exile of Erin!"

How vanished now his joyous dream of a free and independent fatherland! How crushed his bright hopes of seeing Ireland proudly take her place among the nations!

The little town was crowded, and excited groups drew aside to let him pass as his horse splashed along the wet roadway. Pikeheads and gun-barrels flashed in the light that streamed from doors and windows. Nor was the throng, in face of the approaching peril, a sullen or despondent one; it was, on the contrary, cheerful and courageous. Snatches of song and bursts of laughter were heard in various directions. With the spirit of insurrection there had arisen a contempt of danger which seemed to daily increase, and which had braved even the dread news from Ballinamuck; the weary and wounded fugitives from that scene of slaughter still expressed themselves ready and willing to carry on the fight; and as for the people generally, instead of dispersing at the news and returning to their homes, they resorted in greater numbers to their camp in the bishop's meadows, where the insurgents were drilled daily, and all preparations made for a vigorous defense.

From the steeple hill an excited crowd was watching the burning houses across the bay, whose flames still marked the wake of Portarlington's army.

"They are only a few cabins," remarked Bishop Stock, with a view towards abating the general feeling of disquiet and exasperation.

"A poor man's cabin is as valuable to him as a palace," retorted one of the insurgents.

Father Phelim McDonnell, a priest who had come from Esakey, which the burners had traversed, endeavored to quiet the spectators' minds:

"Only a few farmhouses have been burned, because they belonged to noted pillagers."

But the uneasy feeling remained, and was increased by the sound of cannon and musketry towards Ballina.

The town was vigilantly patrolled. For the preservation of order in this district of Col. Charost's "canton" a civil magistrate, unanimously chosen by the people, had been appointed—namely, Mr. James Devitt, a worthy and substantial local tradesman, who had under him two assistants and 150 men in three bodies. Nevertheless some houses in Killala and its neighborhood were raided by the more turbulent of the insurgents, who not only evaded the vigilance of Devitt's municipal guard, but also that of the French officers and Ferdinand O'Donnell.

Barrett found the latter in his room at the castle, a bed chamber on the middle floor. The young insurgent was pale and haggard, the result of much watching and worry, but on the entrance of his "brother rebel" he brightened up cheerily.

"So, friend Patrick, you have got away with whole skin. Ballinamuck to Killala—Scylla to Charybdis, eh? We are in a remarkably close corner here, my boy; they have got us in the palm of their hand. No matter; tomorrow you and I stand shoulder to shoulder in the last fight of the insurrection. You've got your baptism of fire already, but facing the redcoats will be a new experience to me, my business here having been the keeping of some sort of order and discipline among these poor fellows and the prevention of plunder. Heigh ho! troublesome work it was, and I'm almost glad it's over if only for the sake of getting a sleep—though, by the way, old fellow, something seems to whisper me that my coming repose shall be a very sound and dreamless one."

"A mere morbid fancy caused by want of rest," said Barrett; "I've often experienced it myself lately. And how is Maeve?"

"Poorly from the effects of her long captivity, and the excitement, and all. She is staying here, well cared for in the house of a friend. Those scoundrels who took her away—would I had my hands on their throats!"

"I've had a rather miserable time of it here, Barrett," continued O'Donnell; "the bishop and his family treat me coldly and distantly as an intruder and a rebel, though Heaven knows I have done my utmost to protect their property and that of every other loyalist around here. Such riding about as Charost, Ponson, and myself have had! yet, do what we could, some of the looters were too many for us; they gutted Castle Lacken to the walls, and made free with John Knox's liquor at Castlerea. The butler of the castle here got gloriously tight on the occasion, and indulged in shocking croppy language on his return, making things pretty lively till his lordship nearly floored him with an episcopal box on the ear and Charost locked him up to sleep till morning in his own pantry."

"A prison cell abounding in creature comforts," laughed Barrett. "It seems, Ferdy, some of your recruits know how to take care of themselves."

"Yes, rather too well. Fellows who probably never tasted a morsel of animal meat before the French landing have developed a powerful hankering for beef and mutton. Cattle and sheep *go leor*, paid for, *thiggin thu*, with the usual assignats payable hereafter by the Irish Republic, were driven into the camp and slaughtered for food, sometimes to such excess that for want of salt we had to bury some joints in the ground lest their rotting might breed infection. Way, one morning I saw half a dozen newly slaughtered carcasses of bullocks lying there below in the castle yard."

"Deplorable waste, Ferdy. Your men seem to have acted on the French king's principle, 'After us the deluge.'"

"We stopped the thing by proclaiming that anyone caught killing a beast without a written order from Devitt should be instantly shot. Hallo, there's the marching signal and I must be off," exclaimed O'Donnell, as the roll of a drum was heard in the courtyard.

"Where to?"

"On a reconnoitering trip towards Crossmolina, just to feel the pulse of the army of Trench—a critical business, my boy; but I daresay I'll get back all right from it."

Entering the Bishop's dining-room O'Donnell bade adieu to the assembled company. Having taken a glass of wine, filled for him by the Bishop's lady, he impressively commended all present to the care of heaven and departed.

Barrett was introduced to the men of parliament, Fortescue, now a guest of the Bishop. The heir of Lord Clermont was a man of tall and commanding figure.

"My sister Mabel, whom I have just been telling me of you," he said, "you have acted a brave and humane part, and that in unfortunately joining a cause, now virtually lost, you were inspired by noble motives."

Suddenly the door was thrown open and the castle gardener rushed in.

"Capt. O'Donnell is dead! Killed after bein' killed by one of our own men!"

"Capt. O'Donnell is dead!" A second messenger of ill, a Protestant minister named Marshall, whose house had been destroyed, "I saw him this instant pulled off his horse and killed!"

Not sudden alarm but bitter resentment appeared on the face of Barrett and his dependant.

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall," the latter, looking at his side with a timid and nervous wonder, "you have done your best to kill me and many of us."

"I wish," said Dr. Marshall with acerbity, "that I could defend myself from the intrusion of ill news, at least at meal times."

"Small sympathy here for the death of a mere rebel," thought our colonel as he descended to the courtyard, anticipating some serious mutiny and expecting to gaze on the dead body of his friend.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

"Donahoe's Monthly Magazine"

for January, 1892, is an issue that must please its numerous patrons. We can mention but a few of the leading articles: "Father" Hall and his troubles in the Episcopal Church; Canon Mortara, abducted by Pius IX., (with a portrait); Irish Celebrities of New York, John D. Crimmins; Washington Crowns the Delaware Christmas Night; Rosa Mulholland talks of Cork; Angel: A Life Sketch, by the author of "Bonnie Dunraven"; The second Canto of the Clan-na-Loughlan; Universal Expectation of the Virgin and the Messias; full particulars of the conversion of Rev. James Field Spalding, D.D., with his address at the church he formerly occupied in Cambridge, Mass. More space is given to the juveniles. Now is the time to subscribe, $2.00 a year $1.00 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

Faded, jaded, tired, overworked women—weak, nervous, delicate and suffering ones. These are the women who are helped to health and strength by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. And if it doesn't do what its makers claim for it, they don't want your money.

For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, the "Prescription" is a safe and certain remedy—a *guaranteed* one. In "female complaints" of every nature, periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhœa, and all kindred ailments—if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

No other medicine for women is sold on such trying terms. If any *could* be, you may be sure that it *would* be. Is something else which pays the dealer better, likely to be "just as good?"

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAELIC POETRY.

Dom' Sheas-Phice.

Tamall geárr ó shoin, bhí sír taisbeánt i bhfuinneoig díolbhótha an fhir-Eireannaigh sin, Séamuis Uí Bhógáin, de'n chathair sed, seanphice a bhí "amuigh" 'san m-bliadhain 1798. Air thráthnóna airighthe, mar do bhídheas ag feuchaint sír an iarsma luachmhar seó, do tháinic dhá Eireannach suas chum na fuinneoige; agus mar d'fheuchadar sír an b-pice, thosuigh seanachas eatorra. Do réir cáinte fir aca, ghlac a shean-athair páirt i n-athchogadh '98; mar an g-ceudna bhí a athair i g-ceannaire 'sé leis an b-pice a d'iomchar an seandaine leith-cheud bliadhain roimhe sin; agus do thuigeas ó'n mbéid do chualaidh mé, ná'r chuir an cáintoir e féin mórán muinighne i "mbriathraibh milse," agus gur bhuain sé leis an roinn Eireannach a chreideas níos mó i seannós troda ár sinnsear, 'ná 'san nós nuadh a tá d'á chur air aghaidh i nEirinn go láthaireach. Ins na liatighibh a leanas is é mo chára na fuinneoige a labhras:

Tá meirg díombaoinis dod' mhilleadh,
A shean-phice, crochta fá shuas:
Acht deunfad do cheann-sa níos gile,
'S níos géire 'bá bhí sé air á-tús!
'Nuair thaiste sé soilleasach a's dealrach
O lámh ghlic an ghabha fad ó,
Sul d'iomchar mo shean-athair treun thá
I míle ocht g-ceud acht an dó.

Seadh, glanfad gach smál a tá ort-sa,
'Gus faobhrochad cruaidh do chion;
Aon lorg dubh-shuitheche na m-bliadhantadh
Ní fhágfad air fhuinneoig do chroinn.
Is luachmhaire thusa ceud uair dam
'Ná'n truagán go léir in mo thigh,
Oir ní cheannóchadh ór buidhe an domhain thú,
A shean-phice dil his mo chroidhe!

Dá m-bh'fhéidir leat labhairt liom, a phice,
Is iomdha sgeul d'innseódhadh dham
Air fhulangaibh fíochmhar' mo shinnsear
Tré bhliadhantaibh géir-leanambain trom.
Is iomdha radharc ódiaseach d'fheuch tú
In scrannaibh móra an t-saoghail,
'Nuair ba chlaoidhte, ba chreachta a ba cheusta
Bhí fíor-chlanna eródha na nGaodhal.

Acht, righnis do dhíthchioll, a phice,
Chum neirt an tíoránaigh do chlaoi,
Oir go minic do tharruingis tuilte
As tobar dhubh-dhearg a chroidhe.
Is iomdha eréachd nimhneach a d'fhág tú
Air cholnaibh a sheas in do shúghe,
Agus 's iomdha "fear dearg" do shín tú
'San g-codhladh a mhairfeas a choidhch'.

Sin bearna—is bearna mhaith, mhór í—
Do baineadh as d'fhaobhar ro-gheur,
'Nuair thuit sé air chlogad án cian-fhir,
'Gus d'fhág é 'na chorp air an bh-feur;
B'é sin an cheud bhuille do bhuail tú
Ag Oulart, 'an dr thosuigh an gleódhd
Do mheisnigh treun-mhiotail na n-daoineadh
Chum troda na laetheadh bhí teacht.

[Le Bheith Leanta.]

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

A meeting was held recently at Milan of the Anarchists to protest against the observance of the Law of Guarantees. The Canabbiana Theatre was the scene of this respectable outburst. The Atheist Deputy, Musst, who presided, raved for some time against church and clergy, but, becoming much too violent and incoherent, the police wisely cleared the stage.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Many will remember Harry Crisp, the actor, now dead, who was a brother of Judge Crisp of Georgia, the new speaker of the house of representatives. Harry Crisp played with Louis Aldrich in "My Partner."

Trip hammer advertising is the kind that creates industries that make us marvel at their magnitude. How long would it take to shape the hot iron if a strike was given this week and another six months hence? Constant pounding brings success.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

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The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DISTINCT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chase after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

JEROME I. CASE DEAD.

The Well-Known Horse Breeder Passes Away at Racine.

MILLIONAIRE FROM A SMALL START.

When He Located in the Wisconsin City He Barely Had Money Enough to Build a Small Shop to Manufacture Threshing Machines—The Plant Now Covers Forty Acres—His Fortune Estimated at $5,000,000—Brief Summary of the Dead Man.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 22.—Jerome I Case, known throughout this country as a manufacturer and a horse breeder, died at his home in this city at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr. Case leaves a widow and four children. His son Jackson is now mayor of this city. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made. When Mr. Case came to Racine he was able to raise just money enough to build a shop large enough for the manufacture of one

J. I. CASE.

threshing machine at a time. The plant now covers forty acres. It is estimated that his fortune amounts to $5,000,000.

Jerome Increase Case was born Oswego county, New York, Dec. 11, 1819. His parents were among the pioneer settlers of western New York, having removed from Rensselaer county to Williamstown when it was little more than a hamlet surrounded by a dense wilderness. Young Case attended the district school during the winter months until he was 16 years of age. At that time his father purchased the right to use and sell a one-horse tread power threshing machine and Jerome was installed as manager of it. He stuck to this until 1840, when, being of age, he branched out for himself in the thrashing business.

Threshing Machines on Credit.

When the autumn's work was finished he had saved quite a snug sum, which he resolved to expend in securing a better education than he then possessed. He accordingly entered the academy of Mexicoville, N. Y., and devoted himself to such studies as would help him in the business to which he intended to apply himself—the construction of labor-saving machinery. In the spring of 1842 he procured six threshing machines on credit and starting west located at Racine in the territory of Wisconsin. Five of the machines were readily disposed of, and retaining the remaining one he traveled through the country threshing grain for farmers. In the fall of 1843, finding his machine was all but worn out, he set to work to rebuild it upon models and plans of his own. When he had completed the task he found he had a machine much better than he could buy in the east. He had so many offers for the new machine that he soon sold it at a handsome profit and started in to manufacture thrashers. In the winter of 1844 Mr. Case invented and made the machine that eventually made his fortune. It was a thrasher and separator combined and the first of its kind ever used in the west. It did away with a second winnowing to separate the chaff from the grain and was a great success. He at once began the manufacture of these machines, making constant improvements.

Mayor of Racine.

In 1847 Mr. Case erected his first building. It was of brick, thirty feet wide, eighty feet long and three stories in height and at the it was considered amply large enough for all demands for fifty years to come. In less than thirteen it was only one of the many buildings comprising the plant which covered several acres of ground and comprised docks for vessels, furnaces, molding rooms, paint shops, belt factory, dry kilns and workshops filled with machinery used in the manufacture of farm implements. In 1863 Mr. Case practically retired from business, disposing of the greater part of his interest to Stephen H. Bull, Robert H. Baker and M. Erskine, all residents of Racine. Mr. Case was elected mayor of Racine in 1856 and again in 1859. He was also elected to the state senate in the latter part of 1856 and served two years. Later on he was a member of the State Agricultural society and was one of the founders of the Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters. In 1849 Mr. Case married Lydia A., daughter of De Grove Bull of Yorkville, Wis.

Mr. Case was even better known as an owner and lover of trotting horses than as a manufacturer or millionaire, since at one time he owned the champion trotting stallion in Phallas, 2:13 3-4, and the fastest trotter in the world in Jay-Eye-See, 2:10, a little black gelding that he purchased in Kentucky a good many years ago for $500, before the colt was broken, and that subsequently developed so much speed that as a 4-year-old he trotted in 2:19, which was at that time the fastest mile by a trotter of that age, and subsequently held the world's trotting record by a mile in 2:10 at Providence, it being only a few days later that Maud S. came out at Cleveland and lowered Jay-Eye-See's mark.

A Practical Horseman.

Phallas has been succeded as the champion trotting stallion by half a dozen other horses since he made his record of 2:13 3-4 about ten years ago, but in their day these horses were the turf sensations and caused Mr. Case's name to be published everywhere on account of his ownership of the animals. Mr. Case was a practical horseman, and from his boyhood had been interested in trotting and driving on the road, being himself an expert reinsman. He established what is now known as the Hickory Grove stock farm, a couple of miles south of Racine, a good many years ago, and the first famous horse to be taken there was the black stallion Governor Sprague, for whom Mr. Case paid $27,500 after he had seen the horse trot half a mile as a 5-year-old in 1:09, which was a phenomenal rate of speed for a horse of that age in those days. Governor Sprague made a record of 2:20 1-2 the same season, thereby crowning himself the fastest 5-year-old stallion that had appeared up to that time, and Mr. Case was naturally very proud of the black horse's performances, as in addition to having a fast and level-headed trotter Governor Sprague was also a perfect pet in the stable. He died some years later, being still owned by Mr. Case, and his progeny have in nearly every instance turned out to be fast trotters.

Of late years Mr. Case has turned the management of his farm to his only son, Jackson I. Case, a young man of 27, who has already managed to get himself elected mayor of Racine and who, in addition to possessing his father's hustling qualities in other directions, is also very fond of fast horses. Last summer he championed a string of trotters, doing his own driving and doing it well. It is pure love of the sport that keeps young Case on the trotting turf, as his father's wealth of course made it unnecessary for him to go into the business from any other point of view.

Suicide of Case's Son-in-Law.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 22.—Captain Edward L. Baker committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the head. He was one of the trustees of the estate of his brother, which was valued at $2,000,000, and was guardian of the five sons, all minors. To the three eldest he had given an accounting. Last Saturday Mr. Stephen Bull and Major Jackson I. Case, acting for his father, who died this morning, and who was a bondsman of Captain Baker, learning that he held mortgages on Dakota land, held in trust for the other sons, called on him and asked him to give an accounting. This is now pending. Captain Baker had made many unfortunate investments, but his friends claim that his fortune is not impaired, although this is not generally believed. They claim that illness had temporarily unsettled his mind.

Should Have Hit Him Some Harder.

BRISTOL, Tenn., Dec. 22.—News has just reached here that Saturday evening a white man named Baker, about 30 years of age, assaulted a little white girl only 7 years of age, living at Mendota, Va. He was arrested immediately after and brought before his victim for identification. The father of the child hit Barker with a stick and he was left for dead, or he would have been lynched on the spot. Subsequently he recovered and was put in jail, but had to be taken by stealth to Abingdon to avert a lynching.

Hurlbert in Mexico.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The World says it can announce upon information obtained from an unimpeachable source that William Henry Hurlbert is in Mexico. Hurlbert selected the country where he could best escape the consequences of his alleged crime in England. Perjury is not one of the extraditable offences included in England's treaty with Mexico. Mr. Hurlbert may stay there as long as he pleases, or he may go to the continent of Europe and be free from arrest. He cannot, however, live in his own country.

Patent Lawyers Opposed to Woods.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Certain patent lawyers of Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and other cities are up in arms against the appointment of Judge Woods, of Indiana, to the federal circuit. They say Woods knows nothing of mechanics, and that patent cases will be half of the practice of his court. Judge Blodgett is the only judge who does know anything of such things, and he is going to retire, which will leave all such business to Woods, and ruin the business.

A Missing Heir Found.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Dec. 22.—John Givens, the missing heir to the immense Givens estate here, has been found in Wheeling, W. Va. He has been missing since last June, when he left for San Francisco. He was heard from on his arrival there and then all trace of him was lost. His baggage was found in San Francisco, and it was supposed he had been murdered and the body concealed. He was mourned for dead here. The executor of the estate, Mr. H. B. Hubbard, heard from him Tuesday morning.

Banquet at Boston.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—Nearly 800 persons attended the banquet and literary exercises in Music hall last night given by the Congressional club in celebration of Forefathers' Day. Speeches were made by Hon. George Marden, Rev. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, Conn.; Hon. James W. Patterson, of Hanover, N. H.; and Rev. R. R. Meredith, of Brooklyn. Governor Russell and Lieutenant Governor Haile sent letters of regret.

Yaas, Does Look Rather Vigorous.

BUENOS AYRES Dec. 22.—The friends of General Roca are making a vigorous campaign in his behalf. At La Plata, Sunday night, the municipal secret police seized a large quantity of small arms, Krupps guns and other munitions of war which had been disembarked there. The governor has augmented the police and military forces. A quantity of arms has been deposited in the house of General Roca.

Work in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—In the senate Tuesday over a hundred new bills were introduced. During the ten minutes' executive session the senate confirmed the nomination of Stephen B. Elkins as secretary of war, referred to appropriate committees a number of postmasters' nominations received and released the seal of secrecy upon.

Too Much Cotton Raised.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 22.—Farmers and state commissioners of agriculture from five states are in session here considering the low price of cotton. A movement is on foot to organize throughout the south and to reduce the acreage. Another meeting will be held here in January, and delegates from every southern state will be present.

Help for Russia from Ohio.

URBANA, O., Dec. 22.—John H. James, of this city, wrote to the Russian charge d'affaires in Washington to know if the people of Russia were really nearly starving, as reported in the press. He received the reply from the charge d'affaires that the reports were too true. He will at once start subscriptions for relief

Broke Through the Ice and Drowned.

DANIELSONVILLE, Conn., Dec. 22.—Two brothers named Joseph and Alphonso Tavois, aged 17 and 14 years respectively, broke through the ice while skating on the Quinnebaug river Sunday and were drowned.

Heligoland Washing Away.

BERLIN, Dec. 22.—A large portion of the famous south cliff of Heligoland has been dislodged by the force of recent gales, and crumbled away.

SENATOR PLUMB DEAD.

The Kansas Statesman Summoned to the Unknown.

APOPLEXY THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

His Health Had Been Poor for Months, and Contrary to the Advice of Friends He Persisted in Hard Work—Backing Out of a Journey Which Might Have Had a Beneficial Result.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Preston B. Plumb, United States senator from Kansas, died at ten minutes before 12 o'clock Sunday. An attack of apoplexy which came on him Saturday night was the immediate cause of his death. Senator Plumb had not been well for several months, and only last June had an attack similar to that which came on Saturday night. He was one of the hardest workers in public life. Big frame, full of force and energy, he never permitted himself any relaxation or rest. Friends of the senator observed last spring that his health was failing and they saw at once that it was overwork. After his attack in the summer he planned a vacation trip to Europe. George R. Peck, the solicitor of the Santa Fe road, and another Kansas friend were to accompany him. Mr. Plumb went so far as to engage passage, but at the last moment he backed out.

A Very Busy Man.

He said he had too much work to do and could not spare the time. His friends made the trip without him and he remained at home and took up again his business cares and public duties. Returning to Kansas he entered the campaign and made speech after speech, notwithstanding the protests of his physician. When he came back to Washington a few weeks ago he was visibly broken in health. He complained of frequent attacks of dizziness and at times his vision became suddenly obscured. He consulted various physicians. His case puzzled the most of them. Finally Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, told him he must quit work or lose his life; that he was in danger of death from apoplexy.

Ready to Take a Rest.

Mr. Plumb said he would rest for a while, and at a meeting of his committee—the senate committee on public lands—last Thursday morning he told his fellow senators that he expected to do very little work this session. Then he went into the executive session of the senate the same afternoon and made a speech, in his usual vigorous and pointed style, against rushing the recess nominations through in such haste. Leaving the senate he went to Philadelphia to again see his physician. Saturday evening he returned to Washington feeling a little better. Three of his friends, ex-Postmaster General Frank Hatton, General Mahone of Virginia, and Senator Squire of Washington, sat talking with him until a late hour, and it was after midnight when the senator retired to his room. About 3 o'clock in the morning he suddenly became ill. Although deathly sick he managed to climb a flight of stairs to a room above and aroused Mr. Jennings, his landlord.

Thought It Was a Headache.

"I am very sick," said the senator. "I think you had better call a doctor."

Mr. Jennings at once went after Dr. Wales, ex-surgeon general of the navy. The physician found the senator suffering from what he at first supposed was a severe headache. Mr. Plumb was also affected with nausea, and it was not until morphine had been hypodermically that he rested easier. At 6 o'clock Dr. Wales went away believing that his patient was on the road to recovery. Mr. Jennings remained in the senator's room, and about 7 o'clock he was startled by observing Mr. Plumb suddenly spring from his bed. He exclaimed, "My God, my God, how my head hurts!" and was immediately again attacked with a fit of nausea.

Passed Peacefully Away.

Mr. Jennings helped him back to bed, and rubbed the senator's forehead until he dropped to sleep a few minutes afterward. From this sleep he never awoke. About 10 o'clock Frank Flenniken, the senator's private secretary, and Colonel Manning, a Kansas friend who had made an appointment with him the evening before for that hour, called at his rooms. They were astonished to find him ill, and as he was apparently sleeping quietly they refrained from disturbing him. They sat in the room, however, watching by his bedside, though they did not apprehend that his illness was serious.

Passed Quietly Away.

Shortly after 11 o'clock they observed the senator breathing heavily.

"I don't quite like that," said Colonel Manning, "and I think I had better go after the doctor."

He did so and met Dr. Wales just outside on the way to Mr. Plumb's room. When Dr. Wales came in and examined the patient he saw that death was near.

"He is a very sick man," remarked the physician. "His tongue is paralyzed and he is suffering from apoplexy."

Senator Plumb was then unconscious and every effort was made for his restoration, but without avail. His breathing became more and more stentorous, and at 11:50 o'clock the senator breathed his last. The flag upon the senate wing of the capitol was immediately placed at half mast and the news spread with great rapidity over the city.

Troubled with Pains.

In less than half an hour a dozen or more of the dead senator's colleagues were in his room. Among them were Senators Squire and Cullom, who afterward said the senator's face wore a calm and placid look and about his lips was the suggestion of a smile. Senator Cullom says that on Thursday afternoon last in the senate restaurant Senator Plumb sat down beside him and remarked that he was not feeling very well.

"Nothing serious, I hope," said Mr. Cullom.

"No, nothing is the matter with me," said Mr. Plumb. "My doctor says I must go slow for a few days, and build myself up. I am troubled, and have been for some time, with pains in the back of my head, and to-night I am going over to Philadelphia to see Dr. Pepper about that. I hope to be all right in a week or two, and think I had better take some rest meanwhile."

Appointed by Governor Fifer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 21.—The governor has reappointed R. N. Lawrence of Lincoln member of the board of dental examiners and N. K. Fairbank of Chicago commissioner. He also appointed A. J. Boylan of Peoria officer for the enforcement of the law for prevention of cruelty to animals in Peoria, to succeed M. C. Quinn, term expir

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Speaker Crisp Announces the House Committee on Rules.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—At the opening of the house Wednesday the speaker announced the committee on rules as follows: The speaker, Messrs. McMillin, Catchings, Reed and Burrows. Burrows of Michigan, from the board of visitors to the military academy, presented the report of that body, to be referred to the committee on military affairs when appointed. Oates of Alamaba offered a resolution, which went to the committee on rules, providing for the appointment of a standing committee on order of business, to be composed of fifteen members, the speaker ex-officio chairman, to have charge of the arrangement and precedence of business before the house, always considering impartially the measures on the calendar.

Adjourned Until Saturday.

Taylor of Tennessee announced the death of his late colleague, the Hon. Leonidas C. Houk, and offered the customary resolution that the house had heard with regret of the death of Mr. Houk and as a mark of respect, the house adjourn. Before the resolution was put to a vote Bartine of Nevada, having reached the city, appeared at the bar of the house and was sworn in. Wheeler of Alabama, McRae of Arkansas, and Bryan of Nebraska were granted leave of absence. Taylor's resolution was then adopted and the house, after a session of ten minutes adjourned until Saturday, the 19th inst.

Senate Proceedings.

Petitions against the opening of the World's fair were numerous in the senate Wednesday. Some of them favored the appropriation of the $5,000,000 dollars asked by the management on the condition that the fair be closed on Sunday.

The judicial nominations sent in by the president were referred to the judiciary committee and the senate, after confirming about 300 nominations, adjourned for the day.

Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The president sent to the senate Wednesday the following nominations: To be United States circuit judge, William L. Putnam of Maine, first judicial circuit; Nathaniel Shipman of Connecticut, second judicial circuit; George Dallas of Pennsylvania, third judicial circuit; Nathan Goff of West Virginia, fourth judicial circuit; William H. Taft of Ohio, sixth judicial circuit, and William A. Woods of Indiana, seventh judicial circuit, and Warren Truitt of Oregon to be United States district judge of the district of Alaska.

RIOT AT CINCINNATI.

Taxpayers Raise Cain in the County Treasurer's Office.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 18.—There came near being a re-enactment of the bloody court house riot of 1884 here Friday morning. A great mob of taxpayers and others crushed into the county treasurer's office to pay their taxes and avoid the penalty. The bills were delayed until Thursday and it was impossible to take in all the money presented. One man put a revolver under the nose of the receiving teller and said he would shoot if the money was not accepted and receipted for at once.

Arrival of the Police.

The great crowd on the outside grew riotous and hurled stones through the window. One man was knocked insensible and two women were crushed almost to death. A riot alarm was sounded and a large body of police arrived and by a vigorous action cleared the streets and drove off the more belligerent rioters. There is great excitement over the affair.

Field Behind the Bars.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—Edward M. Field was arraigned in part 1 of the court of general sessions before Judge Cowing. His counsel entered a plea of not guilty to the indictment and he was admitted to bail in $25,000. J. Pierpont Morgan and John T. Terry qualified as bondsmen. While at the bar Mr. Field kept his eyes cast down and big tears trickled down his cheeks. As soon as he left the courtroom he was arrested upon an order of arrest in civil suit brought by R. H. Dietz, who charges Field with hypothecating securities deposited with the latter's firm for a loan of $125,000. Field was taken to Ludlow Street jail.

Made a Discovery.

WARSAW, Ind., Dec. 21.—A farmer, while excavating for a bank barn, made an interesting discovery. At about the depth of twelve feet his pick suddenly sank into a hole. When the hole was enlarged and a light set down it was found to be a cave about twenty feet square, containing three human skeletons and one of some quadruped, supposed to be a horse. A stone hatchet and the charred coals of a wood fire lay at the feet of the skeletons. This is the third find of the kind that has been made in this neighborhood within the last year.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Dec. 21.—Engineer Phillip Davis and Assistant Engineer Robert Blair were instantly killed, and George Crews, a laborer, was fatally hurt by the explosion of a boiler used by contractors. The explosion was caused by letting cold water into the boiler, which was red hot but empty. The men were thrown a distance of nearly 200 yards and Blair and Davis were almost torn to pieces.

Double Lynching in Florida.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 18.—Thirty masked men alighted from a train at Live Oak, ran over to the residence of Sheriff Potsdamer, covered him with rifles and compelled him to surrender the keys to the jail. Going to the jail they took out two negroes charged with murdering H. D. Paramoure of Valdosta, Ga., at New Bronford, Fla., hanged them to a tree and riddled their bodies with bullets.

The Sunday Rest People.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 18.—The third national convention of the American Sabbath union came to a close Thursday. The principal question considered has been the Sunday closing of the World's fair. Colonel Elliott F. Shepherd, of New York, presided at all the sessions. Papers were read in favor of Sunday rest everywhere, and resolutions adopted of the same character.

Nebraska Law Unconstitutional.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 21.—The supreme court has affirmed the decision of the Douglass county district court in declaring unconstitutional the law passed by the legislature taking fire insurance companies a certain per cent. on risks accepted. The law virtually made the insurance companies pay the cost of sustaining the municipal fire departments.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Events of a Week Condensed for Hurried Readers.

Policeman Skinner of Des Moines, Ia., shot and fatally wounded Sim Deardon, who struck the officer with a car link while being arrested.

Miss Catherine Weed Barnes of Albany, granddaughter of the late Thurlow Weed, has accepted the editorship of the amateur photograph department of Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Acting Deputy Grand Chief Rumay of the Order of Railway Telegraph Operators, Monday ordered all the members of the order employed on the Southern Pacific to strike.

Senator Washburn has introduced a bill in the United States senate defining "futures" and "options" and imposing special taxes on dealers therein.

An incorporation license has been issued by the secretary of state at Springfield, Ills., to the Dr. E. H. Leduce company of Hinckley, organized for the purpose of curing the liquor habit.

The United States supreme court holds that the tax levied upon the gross receipts of the Grank Trunk Railway company of Canada by the state of Maine was constitutional.

Fire at Oakes, N. D., destroyed property worth $80,000, insured for about $20,000. Mr. Schmidt Nelson was burned to death in his office.

The insurgents in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, have been disbanded, and the governors of two states, appointed by Fonseca, have resigned.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday as compiled by the New York Produce exchange was 42,253,285 bushels, an increase of 600,701 bushels, and of corn 3,065,366 bushels, an increase of 836,608 bushels.

Marie Knoepflieva committed suicide at Ironwood, Wis. She left wealthy parents in the east and became waitress in a restaurant to be near her lover.

* * *

Fire destroyed the Matthews Barb Wire Fence company's plant at Lockport, N. Y.; loss, $60,000; partly insured; McLaughlin Bros.' hardware store and the Chicago Bargain house at Litchfield, Minn.; loss, $17,000; insurance, $10,000.

Mary Burgin of Coldwater, Mich., obtained judgment for $2,400 against John White for breach of promise.

Stephen Rowe, living near Charles City, Ia., was instantly killed by a buzz saw breaking from its bearings.

A New York man has sued a hospital for $50,0000 damages because, for alleged mis treatment, a simple fracture of his son's leg resulted in gangrene and amputation.

The Chemical National bank of Chicago has been authorized to begin operations. The capital is $1,000,000.

Iowa workmen will demand an Australian ballot law of the next legislature.

Charles Parker Alta, Ills., jumped into the river at Peoria with suicidal intent, but upon more mature reflection called for help and was rescued.

John Dillon was struck on the head with a stone and badly hurt in a political riot at Ennis, County Clare.

The superior court of New York has decided that Lillian Russell would have to pay $2,251.88 for breaking a theatrical contract because she could not wear tights in winter.

Mrs. Weigandt, of New Orleans, loaded her husband's revolver, then set her clothing on fire and shot herself twice in the breast fatally. Insane.

The French chamber of deputies has adopted a reduction of the import duties on petroleum.

At Denver the notorious Mike Ryan, convicted of drugging and robbing a countryman of $5,000, was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary.

Three beet sugar factories in California, which have shut down for the season, produced 8,070,136 pounds of sugar during the season. The total amount of bounty to be paid is $161,400.

The revolt in the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, has been quelled by government troops.

Snow is said to be eighteen feet deep in parts of New Mexico.

At Dixon, Ills., the Grand Detour Plow company and the Henderson Shoe company informed their employes that under no circumstances would Knights of Labor be employed in either establishment.

* * *

In the Barnaby case at Denver, a letter written by Dr. Graves to Mrs. Barnaby was read in which he threatened to have a guardian appointed for her in case she persisted in making what he deemed useless expenditures.

The North Dakota Millers' association, in session at Fargo has issued a circular in which it is stated that the millers of North Dakota have subscribed 50,000 pounds of flour, subject to an increase of double the amount, with a view of giving the people of the state an opportunity to contribute to the shipload being secured for the starving Russian peasants.

Manufacturers of wood-working machinery met at Chicago to form a trust.

Robert Kerr of Aberdeen and Donald MacGuire of Dundee, who have recently finished a bicycle tour through Europe which lasted seven months, will sail Saturday by the Cunard line for New York to make the journey from New York to San Francisco on bicycles.

The Rothchilds have just made another donation of 20,000 francs which is to be appropriated to the purchase of bread to be distributed among the poor families.

The health officer of the District of Columbia announces that la grippe was not epidemic in Washington.

The "Imperial" diamond which was recently purchased by the nizam of Hyderabad from a London dealer is valued at $1,500,000.

Telephones are put in the houses of Stockholm, Sweden, at a rent of $2.75 a year each. For each call, however, there is a charge of 2 1-2 cents extra.

The first German court of justice has held a session in Heligoland. The calendar was a blank. The clerk registered the fact that the court met and adjourned and all was over.

The are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor states cast in as well.

The French have invented and put on the market a substitute for butter, the basis for which is the fat obtained from the carcasses of freshly slaughtered cattle. It is said to be superior to any other artificial butter yet produced.

With the desire of giving her husband a true picture of herself, a woman in Atchison, Kan., had her photograph taken as she appeared at daily housework in her kitchen dress, with a baby in one arm and broom and dustpan on the other.

* * *

French consuls in Bulgaria have been ordered by their government to withdraw as a result of the expulsion from Bulgaria of M. Chadouine, a newspaper correspondent.

A boiler in Collett's sawmill at Ridgeville, Ind., exploded, killing three men and fatally injuring two more.

Chaplain McCabe, who raises church debts by the potent jackscrews of his magnetic appeal, says that the churches of this country should relieve Japan in her great distress by a gift of $2,000,000 or $5,000,000.

Freeport, Ills., authorities have forbidden the killing of sparrows within the city limits. Over 3,000 birds have thus far been killed.

In the Federation of Labor convention President Gompers expressed opinion that boycotts were ofttimes levied unjustly by local trades unions.

Speaker Crisp is a devoted family man. He exchanges daily letters with his wife when they are separated, as now.

John Turner, imprisoned at Monticello, Ills., charged with assaulting his 13-year-old step-daughter, declares he will commit suicide at the first opportunity.

At Pontiac, Ills., a young son of A. C. Johnson accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting.

James Ellison of Decatur, Ills., who last October abducted Clara Mills, aged 14 years, of Assumption, Ills., was given nine years in the Chester penitentiary.

A man named John Leahy, his wife and his grandson, were found dead in a lodging house at Bantry, near Cork. They died from poison. Much mystery attaches to the case, as to whether it is suicide or murder.

At a Spanish cabinet council it was decided to treble the import duties on a number of articles which are imported chiefly from France.

Fire at La Crosse, Wis., destroyed the stock and building of M. Morris & Co., clothiers, causing a loss of $52,000, insured for about $16,000.

* * *

In a freight wreck on the Louisville and Nashville road, A. L. Jones, the conductor, was killed.

Fire at Essexville, Mich., caused a loss of $16,000, on which there was $7,500 insurance.

John Mullany of Boscobel, Wis., was thrown from his wagon and his neck was broken by the fall.

Peter Kintz of Tiffin, O., who has been paralyzed for ten years, was fatally burned by his bed clothing catching fire from a stove.

William Wilson's jewelry store window was smashed in with a coupling pin at Pittsburg, and a tray containing $2,000 worth of diamonds was stolen. The robbers fastened the door on the outside before making the attempt.

John Burns of Davenport, Ia., had his arm torn off by a corn sheller, and will probably die.

At Namar, Belgium, a shoemaker has been sentenced to death for trying to poison his brother. It was proved that he had killed his sister and three other brothers.

At Pittsburg Porter, Donaldson & Co.'s wholesale millinery establishment was burned. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $81,800.

The gang of silver coin counterfeiters who have been operating in Texas for many months past are being run in. The following have been arrested: G. W. Warren, Ed Meyers, Punch Boyd and Dick Posten.

Oswald Baier was awarded $5,000 damages from the Missouri Pacific railway company at Nebraska City, Neb. His wife was killed by a passenger train at Weeping Water last year.

The Rev. E. J. Hamell, of Jacksonville, Ills., fell dead on a train while en route to the south to spend the winter.

A train consisting of twelve carloads of poultry consigned to Boston, passed through Ottawa, Ont. The duties on the freight amounted to $2,150.

George Miller fatally stabbed Jack Williams in a quarrel over a game of cards at Cairo, Mich.

Eugene McNally, who robbed the Northern Pacific express at Abbotsford, Wis., of $10,000, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 pins a year.

In Mississippi a lawyer has just been sentenced to six years' imprisonment for swindling negro women out of pension money.

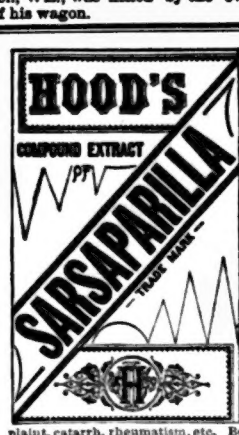
John Byrne had both legs broken and was injured on the head, Albert Anthony was seriously injured, and B. P. Carr and Peter Gustavsen were slightly injured by a caving bank, which buried them, at Hot Springs, S. D.

* * *

W. K. Marrinan, a Grafton, N. D., money loaner, has been missing since Dec. 4, and is supposed to have been lost in the snow.

Claude, the 18-year-old son of W. H. Stock, was drowned while skating on the river at Galena, Ills.

Frank Grady, a wealthy farmer 64 years old, residing six miles southwest of Madison, Wis., was killed by the overturning of his wagon.



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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—E. H. Sothern.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Pauline Hall Comic Opera Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Casino Opera Co. in "Uncle Celestin."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Mr. Barnes of New York."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Straight Tip."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fairies' Well."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ANOTHER ROYAL BEGGAR.

The hat is at present going the rounds of London cockney circles for the latest royal beggar, Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. Aldermanic toadies are subscribing their guineas to present their possibly future sovereign with a testimonial on the occasion of his approaching nuptials with the Princess May of Teck. It is probable also that when the British house of commons meets next February, honorable members will be asked to make a decent allowance for the young couple.

The London aldermen, loyal as they are to the crown to the very marrow of their servile spines, will, of course, present Mr. Albert with a sum sufficient to enable him to start housekeeping, and to keep the wolf from the door for several months at least after the honeymoon. As the young man, however, has been trained to no trade, and has followed no profession, and as his prospective bride—handsome, intelligent and accomplished though she be—is as poor as the proverbial church mouse, the happy couple may have to go feeding on lentils and macaroni, unless the British tax payers should come to their rescue. Love in a cottage looks very nice in poetry; but love on lentils and macaroni lasts little beyond the honeymoon, and the spectacle of these petted darlings having to bear the brunt of poverty, just like common, every day folk, will doubtless arouse the charity of the loyal flunkeys to a proper sense of the duty they owe to their starving princes. In this way a general collection might be made that would enable Albert and May to enjoy a beefsteak and a plum pudding once or twice a week. Even royalties have stomachs; and these stomachs have got to be somehow or another replenished just as well as those of the average Tom, Dick or 'Arry. It is sad but nevertheless true.

It is problematical, however, if the British house of commons will be complaisant enough to vote or grant an annuity to this impecunious couple. In the first place the bridegroom elect is not popular. He has the reputation of being a stupid, phlegmatic fellow, who has all the vices but none of the civic virtues of his father. His dudish appearance and peculiar neck gear have earned for him the title of "Cuffs and Collars." Secondly, any grant or annuity would be a flagrant violation of the understanding come to between the house and the Prince of Wales a short time ago when the latter was awarded $65,000 a year on condition that he, and not the nation, was to provide for his family on that amount. Thirdly, even the British public is getting tired of supporting the titled do-nothings who like leeches are sucking the very life blood out of the body politic. The shrewd, calculating Britisher is waking up to the fact that he is being financially victimized by these professional royal mendicants, and he is bound to turn on them like the worm one of these fine mornings. The Radical element in the house will resist further appeal for funds, and the democracy of England will inevitably support them in their very laudable crusade against the idiocy of filling the pockets of titled nobodies with the honest earnings of the people.

THE CITIZEN rejoices to see that these royal grants, or intended royal grants, are shaking the English throne to its base. The old lady, who is the present owner of the crown, may possibly transmit it to her son; but there is very little probability of its ever passing into the hands of the precious numbskull who will soon be the husband of the Princess May of Teck. In twenty years to come the rock of the British constitution is sure to be relieved of all its royal barnacles, and a republican form of government will be established on the banks of the Thames.

DAVITT BADLY BEATEN.

As we go to press the result of the election in Waterford city, Ireland, is announced. John E. Redmond, leader of the Parnellite wing of the Irish party, defeated Michael Davitt by 546 majority. The priests refrained from interference, and hence the Parnellite victory. Waterford is illuminated and the people are parading the streets, with bands and banners, cheering for Parnell and Ireland. THE CITIZEN will refrain from comment on the result until next week. Davitt, who so often boasted that he would never take the oath of allegiance to the sovereign of England, has been taken at his word this time. He won't have the chance.

BALLARD REBUKED BY FELTON.

That innocent local statesman, Addison Ballard, who professes to be a deeply dyed Republican, and who would blush at the bare mention of the vulgar sin of mugwumpery, made a noble effort to get his dear friend, Col. R. E. Felton, hard-shell, war-horse, moss covered, rock rooted, fiery and untamed Democrat, made business manager of the county institutions by the action of the board of county commissioners. Mr. Ballard acted, of course, as all mugwumps do, for the good of the public service, and he is praised by the Democratic organs, and some of the republican organs, too, as a broad and liberal minded citizen. We have no doubt of Mr. Ballard's broadness and liberality at all, but, in this, as in all other cases, charity should begin at home. There is nothing that has been said about Col. Felton's ability and integrity as a public officer in the past that THE CITIZEN does not, with a reservation or two, indorse, but we fail to remember where or when his party, while in power in this county, went around hunting for Republicans, no matter what their honesty or capacity, to fill the fat jobs in the gift of the county board. It is no crime to be a Democrat. Good government demands at least two parties in every civilized country, and there are times, as in the case of the judiciary, when non-partisan selections are not alone desirable but useful, but there the line must be drawn, as regards, at least, the larger offices. THE CITIZEN is not bigoted enough in politics to demand that every clerk, or other minor employé, shall be discharged upon change of administration, whether Republican or Democratic, but it has firm faith in the good old idea of Marcy and Andrew Jackson—to the victors should belong the fruits of victory. No party has adhered more stalwartly to that principle than the Democratic, and, on that ground, it is entirely right. To take away from the captains and soldiers of the party the party rewards is to make men careless of which party they may be long to, because, naturally, they must, then, feel that there is no principle involved in any local political contest.

Where there is a fusion vote—when the Democrats aid the Republicans in achieving a victory over a third party, as when Mayor Roche was elected—there is some commonsense and decency in recognizing both elements, according to their strength, but, where a straight party fight was made, as in the case of the present county commissioners, it is a betrayal of political trust—in fact a breach of political honor—for them to exclude worthy men of their party from recognition and employment, in order to promote the representatives of a hostile party. There has been too much of such thin flummery served up in this county, and city, too, for that matter, of late. Now, however, Mr. Addison Ballard's philanthropic scheme relative to Col. Felton, has been nipped in the bud, and the gallant Colonel, recognizing, like the true Democrat that he is, the eternal fitness of Andrew Jackson's favorite aphorism, has declined the nomination recently tendered him by the majority of the caucus of county commissioners.

In addressing his friend, Mr. Ballard, Col. Felton, who has a happy faculty of expression, and who can submit to the inevitable as gracefully as any man, says:

"Some weeks ago you urged me to allow you to use my name. Your reasons, as stated, were that you and other members desired to take all your public institutions 'out of politics,' so to speak; to organize them on strictly business methods; to see that they are conducted efficiently, honestly and with greatest humanity to the unfortunate inmates of the almshouse and insane asylum. You were full of hope that all your fellow members would approve your views and assist you. It was with a view to assisting you that at your solicitation I consented to the use of my name. From the discussions and interviews it is evident that you will only be deterred in your efforts if my name is not withdrawn; and it is with that intent I write you this and ask you not to let my name again appear for that office. To my mind neither the interests of the [illegible] nor of the unfortunate dependen[illegible] a pauper or an insane man, or even of a political party, are aided by letting petty politics enter anywhere into the management of public institutions of the county; nor should they enter largely into municipal administration. I quite agree with the sentiment, however, that there are sufficient good and capable men in the Republican party to hold the offices in the gift of your board. There are also sufficient in the Labor party and the Democratic party, but the first consideration should be to select as heads of your institutions men who will see that the moneys appropriated for the care of our unfortunate wards in our county institutions are judiciously and humanely expended; and, that accomplished, it is immaterial to what party the officials belong." (Oh, ho!)

What does our good friend, Col. Felton, mean by "petty politics?" Townships form counties, counties form states, and the latter form the nation. The election of a constable is as important, in the orbit of his duties, as that of a president is in his. No politics are "petty" in a republic. The people, whether as isolated communities, or in grand mass, choose their officers under the law of American franchise, and every man elected by them to office, no matter how humble the position, represents the American idea and the American law. Without good municipal government, the great machinery of the national government could not save us from waste, decay and final ruin. There is nothing "petty" in the office of business manager of county institutions. On the contrary, it is a most honorable and responsible position, and, were the Democrats in power, it would not pain us to see Col. Felton occupy it, but, under existing circumstances, it is better that one of the victorious party should be selected. Affairs are always better administered where one party is responsible, and, with a Republican appointing power, it would be ridiculous to select a Democratic officer, while so many of the Republican party, as Col. Felton truly admits, are capable of filling the office to the public satisfaction. THE CITIZEN willingly admits that the same principle would properly apply if the Democratic party were in power. Mr. Ballard, it would seem, is "hot" over Col. Felton's manly and dignified declination. Does Mr. Ballard mean to insinuate that no Republican in Cook county has Col. Felton's ability for that particular office? Are all our great business houses run exclusively by Democrats? Is republicanism, in Mr. Ballard's estimation, prima facie evidence of a man's official incapacity? Oh, Mr. Ballard!

LIEUT. SAMUEL BURKHARDT.

Among the officers specially mentioned by Maj. Gen. Schofield for gallant and meritorious conduct during the Indian troubles of the years 1890 91 is Lieut. Samuel Burkhardt, of the 25th infantry, who won the West Point cadetship in the second congressional district during Mr. Finerty's term. Lieut. Burkhardt was born and brought up in that district, and is a graduate of its public schools. Prof. Charles F. Babcock was his preceptor. The lieutenant is the youngest officer mentioned for gallantry by Gen. Schofield in his report. The second district ought to be proud of its distinguished son.

DEATH OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS IRISH-AMERICAN.

Gen. Patrick Edward Connor, one of the most distinguished of the Irish American warriors, who fought for the Union and human liberty during our great civil war, and who earned numerous laurels in his campaigns against hostile Indians, died at his home in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the evening of the 17th inst. He was born near Killarney, Ireland, on March 17, 1821, and came with his parents to this country in early boyhood. They settled in New York, where Patrick Edward received a liberal education. At the age of 18, fired with the martial spirit of his race, young Connor enlisted in the regular army, and served with credit during a portion of the Seminole war in Florida. In 1844, his term of service having expired, he returned to New York and engaged in commercial pursuits. Two years later, he set out for Texas, and, as the Mexican war had just begun, he enlisted in a regiment of volunteers, which selected for its colonel the afterward celebrated Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston. He fought in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista, and, being conspicuous for personal bravery as well as soldierly skill and judgment, rose to the rank of captain. At the famous fight of Buena Vista, he exposed himself most fearlessly, and succeeded in rallying a portion of our forces, which were broken by an overwhelming charge of Mexican cavalry. He was the first officer wounded in that bloody fray, receiving a musket ball in the left hand, but he declined to quit the field, and never ceased to fight until the battle was won. Gen. Zach Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," made glorious mention of him in general orders, and, at the close of the war, he was granted a full captain's pension.

Connor's restless spirit saw new fields of adventure in the far west, and he was one of the great multitude of miners and prospectors who swept into California during the years 1849 50. He was among the foremost of the bold spirits who led in the Trinity River gold excitement, and narrowly escaped losing his life on one occasion by the capsizing of his boat at the mouth of the stream. His indomitable courage alone saved him. Although the [illegible] craft and held on there until he was finally rescued.

A friend, writing in the Salt Lake *Tribune* of the 18th inst., says further of the brave man's career:

"In August, 1854, Capt. Connor married Miss Johanna Connor, in Redwood City; she was a native of the same county as Connor. Their first child, a son, was born at Stockton in 1856, and died in Benicia Barracks; a second son was born in 1859, but died the same year in Sacramento, where Connor was attending the State encampment with his company, the "Stockton Blues." A third son, Maurice Joseph, now living, was born in 1861. His daughter, Catherine Frances, was born at Salt Lake in 1863, while the General was in command of the Utah district; she married B. P. Oliver on Jan. 19, 1884. In 1869 Eugene Titus was born in San Francisco, and in 1873, Hillary Grant, at Redwood City.

"Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, Capt. Connor at once tendered his services to the governor of California, and was appointed by him colonel of the 3 1 California Infantry, stationed at Benicia Barracks, during the winter of 1861 and 1862, pending transfer to Utah, whither they were ordered in May, 1862. On Aug. 6, 1862, Col. Connor on reaching Fort Churchill, Nevada, issued General Order No. 1, assuming command of the Military District of Utah, comprising the Territories of Nevada and Utah. In this order he made strong declaration of loyalty and the necessity of protecting and upholding the authority of the government. The command, however, were dissatisfied to remain inactive; they wanted to go East and fight, offering to forego their pay, if they should be sent. In consequence of this desire, Gen. Connor sent a communication to Gen. Halleck asking to be ordered to the seat of war, but this was not done.

The march was continued to Utah, and when the command was on the way much pressure was brought to bear to have its permanent camp established at Camp Floyd. But Connor came straight (Oct. 20) to Salt Lake, to the dismay of the contractors and the consternation of the Mormons. He marched first to Governor Harding's residence, where Harding welcomed the troops in a speech, and a grand review was held. Then the march was resumed and the camp established on the present site of Fort Douglas.

The next notable event of the general's career was the great Bear river campaign, resulting in the battle of Bear river Jan. 20, 1863, in which the power of the hostiles was broken. It was a severe march in bitter cold weather through deep snow, but the brilliant result justified it. The Indians numbered about 300, of whom 224 were killed, among them the chiefs Bear Hunter, Sagwitch and Lehi. Gen. Connor lost 18 killed, 49 wounded and 76 in hospital from frost bitten feet, making a total of 143 casualities. The general-in-chief, H. W. Halleck, sent a congratulatory dispatch to Gen. Connor on this important victory, and in recognition of it Col. Connor was promoted on March 29, 1863, to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers. From it he came to be reckoned the best Indian fighter in the West.

The general was obliged to adopt some repressive measures toward disloyal exhibitions in the city, but nothing serious occurred.

In consequence of a petition of the legislatures of Nevada and Colorado, President Lincoln appointed Gen. Connor to the command of the District of the Plains, which had been created for him, the Indians there being hostile and needing a lesson. The district included Nevada, Utah, Colorado and parts of Dakota and New Mexico. He met the Sioux and Arapahoes in the summer of 1865, and fought the battle of Tongue river with 2 000 cavalry, killing 63 of the warriors and capturing a number of women and children, besides 600 horses, and destroying the Indian village.

A few days after this he received orders to return to Fort Laramie and see to the mustering out of 16,000 volunteers in his command. He was ordered then to assume the command of the District of Utah. Soon after he was given the brevet of major general for gallant and meritorious services during the war. Later he was offered a colonelcy in the regular army, but, on account of his mining interests, he declined it. In 1866, by the final general mustering out order, he was mustered out of the service with the last of the generals of volunteers.

Since that time he has been in private life, in Utah and California, a marked character, a loyal man everywhere, and a bulwark against treason or the shadow of it. He has had many large interests, and has participated in most of the marked events of the time. He established the first daily paper in Utah, the *Daily Union Vidette*, and from that and other publications the *Tribune* has sprung. He also owned the first steamer on the lake, the "Kate Connor," and also the schooner "Pioneer."

The general was an indefatigable promoter of the mining industry in Utah, being partner in the first location, and in 1864 he erected the Pioneer Stamping Works at Stockton, a town which he named. He also built a second furnace, which was of the reverberatory type. He will always be held in loving remembrance by the miners."

The general's death was occasioned by a complication of maladies rather than by old age. He was conscious up to the last moment and spoke cheerfully to the friends who, in sorrow, surrounded his deathbed. Three sons and two daughters, all settled in or near San Francisco, Cal., survive him.

Although many years have passed away since Gen. Connor operated against the hostiles of the plains, his name is still held in respect by those rude but dauntless warriors. He met them in their unbroken strength and gave them lessons in real warfare which they have never forgotten. Not to speak of his deeds in defense of the national flag, during two wars, his Indian campaigns entitle him to a place beside Crook, Miles, Carr and Custer in the gratitude of the pioneers of the western states and territories. He was a citizen without a stain, and a soldier without reproach. May his memory be an incentive to all citizens of the republic to be loyal in peace and fearless in war!

GALLANT CAPTAIN JOHN BOURKE, U. S. A.

Capt. John G. Bourke, of the 3 1 cavalry, the late Gen. Crook's favorite aide de camp, has had a brush with some Mexican intruders, under one Garza, on the Rio Grande frontier. The Mexicans outnumbered Bourke about ten to one, but Uncle Sam's boys, led by that dauntless soldier, speedily put them to the rout. There's nobody like an Irishman, in whatever service, for hunting up a fight.

CAPTAIN JAMES BOURKE'S LATEST HUNT.

Capt. James E. Bourke, of Marshall Field & Co.'s wholesale house, returned from another western trip last week. During his absence he had over two weeks' hunting in the south-western portion of the Indian Territory, and, as usual, made havoc among the beasts and birds of that romantic region. He was accompanied on the trip by several prominent citizens of Wichita, Kas. When the party returned they had a hunters' game dinner at the Carey hotel of that place, and the bill of fare was simply resplendent. The Wichita *Eagle*, of Dec. 9, says of the banquet:

"There were New York counts and olives and celery and quail fresh from the field of conquest; mallard ducks, juicy and sweet; a haunch of venison with currant jelly shivering on the plate to make your mouth water at its high condition of culinary perfection; roast wild turkey, the bird of the west, stuffed with the dark chestnut of the frost stricken eastern forest; fruit—grapes, smiling in purple luxuriance as if it were in July time, and golden oranges snatched from the redolent groves of southern climes, and so many things. Each guest was jovial, and each had his story to tell, and every story was the best. As they sat about the board they were: J. J. McNamara, J. A. Clark, R. R. Laird, I. F. West, J. E. Bourke, Cash Henderson, A. C Jobes, C. L Stough, Victor Murdock, Frank Oliver, T. B. Glosser, A. S. Munson and Marshal William Grimes."

Of the gentlemen named, Capt. James E. Bourke and Messrs. Clark, Laird, West and McNamara comprised the hunting party. Capt. Bourke did not forget his Chicago friends in the distribution of the spoils of his rifle.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

Observation of Christmas Day in Different Catholic Churches of the City.

The Rev. Father Corbett preached last Sunday in the Sacred Heart church.

A grand Christmas entertainment, under the auspices of the Young Men's Sodality of the Sacred Heart church, will be given at St. Stanislau's hall, Eighteenth and Johnson streets, Wednesday evening, Dec. 30. The Unique Dramatic club will appear on the programme in John L. Carlton's play, "More Stuned Against than Stuning."

The Rev. Father Cornely, S. J., preached last Sunday at high mass in the church of the Holy Family on West Twelfth street.

The sermon on Christmas day in the Jesuit church on West Twelfth street was delivered by the Rev. Father Fitzgerald, rector of St Ignatius college.

The Rev. John Poland, S. J., preached the sermon at the midday Pontifical high mass in the Cathedral Christmas day.

The Rev. Father Burroughs, of the St Louis University, is a guest of St. Ignatius college.

The quarterly distribution of medals and premiums took place in St. Ignatius college last Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon there was a matinee for the students at which a drama, "The Primal Christmas," was given by the college dramatic society.

Mrs. Winder, the wife of Prof. J. H. Winder, and who was the contralto of St. Patrick's church quartette, died recently. A grand solemn requiem high mass was sung in St. Patrick's church last Wednesday morning week, at which a number of well-known church choir members assisted.

CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES.

At the Cathedral of the Holy Name there was a solemn high mass at 4 o'clock a. m., the Rev. J. Fitzsimons celebrant; sermon by the Rev. J. M. Scanlan. Low masses were celebrated every half-hour until 10:30 o'clock. Solemn pontifical mass was offered up at 10:30 o'clock, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, celebrant; the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimons, assistant priest; the Rev. M. J. Mooney and the Rev. F. M. Perry, deacons of honor; the Rev. J. M Scanlan, deacon of mass; the Rev. J. P. Dorr, subdeacon of mass. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Poland, S. J. Mass will be sung by quartette and chorus.

In St. Patrick's church, corner Desplaines and Adams streets, there was a solemn high mass at 5 o'clock, and also at 10 30 o'clock in the morning. An excellent musical programme was presented at both those principal masses. The quartette consisted of Miss Nellie Knight, soprano; Mrs. Edith Fleury, alto; A. E. Dasso, tenor, and Mr. Bloom, basso. They were supported by a large chorus and complete orchestra, all under the direction of Mr. J H. Winder, the organist of the church. The programme included the following: Prelude, "Intermezzo Religioso," Mascagni; Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei from Cimarosa; "Veni Creator," tenor solo, Chenery; Offertory, "Ava Maria," trio, Sir Michael Costa; Benedictus, Cimarosa; Hallelujah, chorus, Handel.

In St. John's church, Eighteenth and Clark streets, the first mass was at 5 o'clock in the morning and was a high mass. This was followed by a succession of low masses, and at 11 o'clock there was a solemn high mass with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Butler. A choice musical programme by the regular quartette, and a large chorus were features of this mass.

The first solemn high mass in the Sacred Heart church was at 4 o'clock, with the Rev. Father Corbett as celebrant and the Rev. Father Boudreaux as deacon. This was followed by the usual low masses, and at 10:30 there was a solemn high mass with Father Masterson celebrant, Father Tobelders deacon, and a scholastic, from St. Ignatius' college, sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the Rev, Walter H. Hill, S. J.

At St. James' church, Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue, the usual Christmas services occurred. The musical programme was choice, the choir being assisted by Rosenbecker's orchestra. It presented the following numbers: "Kyrie," "Gloria," and "Agnus Dei" from Haydn's third mass; "Veni Creator" duet for soprano and alto, Rubenstein, was sung by Misses Reilly and Tomlins; offertory, "Adeste Fidelis," Novello, by Miss Marcella Bielly and chorus; "Credo" and "Sanctus," Gounod. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Melody.

At St. Malachy's church, on Western avenue and Walnut street, the first service was a solemn high mass at 4 o'clock, at which the choir gave Mozart's twelfth mass, with orchestra, and at the offertory "Adeste Fidelis" arranged from Novello. At the 10:30 o'clock services the programme was Haydn's second mass with full chorus and orchestra; offertory "Angeli et Archangeli," duet for tenor and bass with cornet obligato, Gelsin, was sung by Mr. Suess and Mr. Amberg; "Adeste Fidelis," Novello; "Ave Maria," soprano solo, Wiegand, was sung by Mrs. Stephenson, with violin obligato; "Tantum Ergo," quartette, Goeb; finale, Coronation March, Meyerbeer. The music was under the direction of Prof. E. J. Hitchbock, who presided at the grand organ.

In St. Michael's church, on Eugenie and Market streets, the first high mass was at 5 o'clock. The music at this mass consisted of "Pastorale," organ, Lemmens; Mozart's seventh mass; offertory, "Nolite Timere," soprano solo and chorus, Roeslein; Pastores, chorus with forty voices. At 10 o'clock there was a solemn high mass with a sermon and a choice musical programme under the direction of Prof. F. Hugo Edelman; Marche Solenelle for interlude, grand organ, Lemaigre; Guilmont's mass in E flat; "Veni Creator," double quartette, Hatton; offertory, "Adeste Fidelis," soprano solo, quartette and chorus, Novello; Postlude, Marche by Meyerbeer. The soloists of the mass were Miss L. Koninger, soprano; Miss E. Koch, alto; F. Miller, tenor, and F. P. Edelman, basso. Vespers were sung at 2:30 o'clock with Gregorian chant and antiphons preceding each of the psalms. This was followed by solemn benediction, during which the choir sang "Alma Redemptoris" chorus, Weber; "O, Salutaris," bass solo, Weigand; "Tantum Ergo," quartette, Goeb. At 7 o'clock there was a sermon, followed by benediction, during which Prof. Edelman rendered a postlude, prelude and fugue in F, Bach.

At St. Jarlath's church solemn high mass was celebrated at 5 o'clock a. m., and in this the congregation, assisted by the choir, sang "Adeste Fidelis." Another solemn high mass was celebrated at 10:45 o'clock. Here the choir sang Legeno's mass in D, assisted by a strong quartette and chorus. The congregation at this mass united in singing the "Adeste Fidelis." Between 5 and 10:45 o'clock low masses were offered up at intervals of an hour. The pastor, Father Cashman, preached on "The Gospel of the Day."

In the church of the Holy Family on West Twelfth street there were solemn high masses at 4 and 10:30 o'clock, and a succession of low masses both in the church and basement from 4:30 to 9 o'clock. Vespers and benediction were at 5 o'clock and there was no night service. The regular quartette was composed of Mme. Pauline Bische, soprano; Mrs. O'Leary, contralto; William Barron, tenor, and John Phelan, basso, who were supported by a chorus of fifty well-trained singers and an orchestra, and also Mrs. Clara Murray, harpist, and Mr. Joseph Hapek, violinist. The programme for the first high mass was Kyrie and Gloria, from Messe Solennelle in B minor, Niedermeyer; Credo, from Hummel's grand mass in E flat; offertory, "Adeste Fidelis," Novello; "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," Hummel. At the 10:30 o'clock services the programme consisted of "Kyrie" and "Gloria," from Niedermeyer's Messe Solennelle, in B minor; "Veni Creator," soprano solo and quartette, Wiegand; "Credo," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," from Gounod's St. Cecilia; offertory, "Adeste Fidelis," solo, quartette and chorus from Novello. Mr. N. H. Thiele was the musical director and Mr. Leo Mutter organist. At 5 o'clock in the evening vespers was sung consisting of (Dixit Dominus, Confiteor, Beatus vir., Laudate-pueri, and Magnificat) Falso bordori, Mutter; and at the solemn benediction, "Alma Redemption Mater," alto solo, Kiespal; "Jesu Dei Vivi," trio, Verdi; "Tantum Ergo," quartette, Widor.

At the Sacred Heart convent on West Taylor street there was a midnight high mass celebrated by the Rev. Father Fitzgerald, to which a few friends and former pupils of the institution were invited.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Built by Students.

Comparatively few people are aware that Chicago has a building almost wholly built by the students of an industrial school. The new building of the Institute of Technology, 147 Throop street, is the first building west of New York city ever put up wholly or in part by students. No better evidence of the practical character of the instruction of a school could be desired. The teaching of trades is in accordance with the broad plan of this institute which proposes to teach "any person any study day and evening." It now announces the organization of evening classes in electricity, plumbing and bricklaying, as well as architecture and engineering. Draughting of all kinds is made a speciality, three instructors being employed. A desirable opportunity is thus offered young men who want to earn better wages.

Havlin's Theatre.

Manager Havlin takes delight in announcing that the attraction to be presented at his popular and dainty play house during New Year's week, beginning with the matinee Sunday, December 27, will be W. H. Powers' company in the romantic Irish drama, "The Fairies' Well." This charming play has been given at this cosy theatre before, and has always met with great favor. The play consists of four acts, into each of which are introduced many spirited scenes and comical incidents.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"EDDIE" O'DONOVAN.

Graphic Sketch of the Career of One of the Most Dashing Irishmen of Modern Times by a San Francisco Writer.

Medical Student, Patriot, Linguist, Sketch Writer, War Correspondent and Explorer.

His Tragic End With Hicks Pasha's Army.

It would be hard to find two careers of men in literary careers more widely different in their surroundings than John O'Donovan, the philologist and antiquarian, and his son, the adventurous war correspondent and traveler. The father seldom, if ever, left the shores of Ireland, and knew no keener excitement than the discussion of a double text or the deciphering of a half worn parchment. The son was by turns a Fenian organizer, soldier, inventor, writer and explorer, and his life closed in the most sweeping calamity that has ever befallen an army. It was only in talent that father and son resembled each other, but talent each possessed in no common degree.

Edmund O'Donovan was the second son of John, and was born in 1844, and educated at the Jesuit College in Dublin. After his father's death he got a position as copyist in the library of Trinity College, and while employed there he devoted himself with enthusiasm to scientific studies. He carried off all the honors of the Dublin College of Science, a government institution once known as the Museum of Irish Industry, which offered special advantages for the study of the physical sciences. He also showed great skill as an artist, and a decided taste for invention, both mechanical and chemical, as well as for the study of languages. He was studying medicine when James Stephens made his acquaintance in 1864, and young O'Donovan threw himself enthusiastically into the Fenian movement, as well as his brothers. He soon fell under suspicion of the authorities and was expelled from his position in Trinity College and locked up for many months as a suspected rebel. He was released in 1866 on condition of leaving the country, which he did only to return the next year, when a rising was planned by Stephens. He was arrested again and spent a good many more months in jail. When at length the Fenian excitement had abated and O'Donovan was allowed his liberty, the time had passed for his medical studies and he took to the press as a profession.

The Franco Prussian war was the next incident in his career. A battalion of young Irishmen went to join the *Legion strangers* of republican France, and O'Donovan got a commission in that corps. His services were short but decidedly lively. At the capture of Orleans O'Donovan's regiment, with a couple of other battalions, were left to cover the evacuation of the city, and after a sharp action he was made prisoner and interned at Straubing, in Bavaria, where he utilized his leisure in studying German. Peace brought the release of the prisoners of war, and O'Donovan might have remained in the French army, but he had no desire to take a share in the civil war there, and resigned his commission to return to Dublin, where he joined the staff of the *Freeman's Journal*. The Carlist war was raging in the north of Spain, and O'Donovan was sent there as a war correspondent in the Carlist camp. It was during the Spanish campaigns that O'Donovan perfected himself in the art of getting his letters to their destination through all kinds of obstacles, which contributed so much to his success as a great war correspondent. With the accession of Alfonso and the pacification of the Basque provinces, O'Donovan's occupation came to an end in Spain, but a few months in Athens as correspondent for the London *Daily News* filled up the time until another European war was ready.

Turkey was the seat of war this time, and O'Donovan was deputed to represent the *Daily News* in Montenegro, where the mountineers had laid seige to the Turkish city of Nicsics, and successive Moslem generals were vainly endeavoring to force their intrenchments. The Montenegrins had no artillery, but were splendid rifle shots, and they held the town closely blockaded with lines of rifle pits. Again and again were the Turkish troops hurled on the besiegers, but only to be driven back with heavy loss. The Turkish commanders had a natural dislike to having their repeated failures recorded, how ever artistically it might be done, and in getting his correspondence through, O'Donovan made his first acquaintance with Eastern diplomacy as well as with the Turkish language and ways. The Montenegrin and Servian wars gradually grew into the greater Russo Turkish war, and O'Donovan was transferred from Montenegro to Armenia, to watch events in the Turkish camp.

The Russian advance in Asiatic Turkey was on a great scale, though overshadowed by the parallel struggle in the Balkans. O'Donovan was present at all the greater engagements of the campaign in which Mukhtar Pasha first drove the Russian army across the frontier only to be himself in turn crushed by superior numbers. After the last battle of Deve Boino, where Mukhtar Pasha found his Waterloo, the remnants of his army shut themselves up in the fortress of Erzeroum. O'Donovan saw that all was over, and rode hurriedly out of the town scarcely an hour before the place was surrounded by the Russians. He next betook himself to Constantinople, where he was present during the San Stefano negotiations, and became acquainted with McGahan, whose Central Asian work had been completed only a short time before, and who left his body by the shores of the Bosphorus a few months later.

With the Treaty of Berlin O'Donovan found his occupation as a war correspondent gone. He did not remain long unoccupied, however, as the editor of the *Daily News* telegraphed him his instructions in the tolerably wide terms, "Explore Asia north of the Himalayas." To carry out this programme O'Donovan first betook himself to the eastern shores of the Caspian sea, where a Russian expedition was in preparation for the conquest of the still independent Turkoman tribes. Correspondents were not welcome in the Russian camp, and it was only by the most careful management that O'Donovan was enabled to remain. He became friendly with the commander in chief, Lazaran, an Armenian, who had Russianized his native name, Lezarieff, and thus was protected from any interference on the part of the military.

But the press censorship at St. Petersberg was alarmed, and various hints were conveyed to O'Donovan that another district would be a more suitable residence for him. To avoid attracting notice he took up his abode for several months among the Tezke tribes, lately subdued by Russia, but still living in their own fashion along the Caspian. He continued his work in the Tartar tents, getting his letters off to Persia by various conveyances—Turcoman traders, Armenian luggers and Jewish merchants—but keeping himself retired from the camp as much as possible. One device after another had to be adopted to prolong his stay. A formal application to the Russian government for permission to accompany the invading army met with a polite refusal, but gained him time. Finally his friend, General Lezarieff, died of fever, and Skobeleff took command of the army of Turkestan. O'Donovan received peremptory orders to leave the camp, and was offered a passage across the Caspian to Tiflis, where he was to be allowed to remain. The correspondent, however, had no mind to receive his instructions, even from the Autocrat of Russia. He made his preparations for departure in obedience to the order, but in place of embarking on the Caspian steamer, he rode out of camp one morning quietly with his servant, and reaching the Atterek river, the boundary between Russia and Persia, he swam it on horseback, leading a pack animal after him, and found himself outside the dominions of the czar, a solitary traveler in a by no means peaceful Mohammedan district. But this was a trifle to O'Donovan, who quickly found a way to open communication with Teheran, where the British minister got him an introduction to the prime minister, and even a permit to visit the frontier provinces of Persia. These had scarcely been ever visited by Europeans, and the prime minister strongly objected to his journey owing to the influence of Russia, which had little distre for inquisitive correspondents so near the line of march of her army.

The Persian frontier itself ten years ago was about as undesirable a residence for peaceful citizens as any in the world. The former rulers had transplanted military colonists of Kurdish freebooters to the Turcoman frontier to keep the wild tribes of the desert in check, and Kurds and Turcomans were a very even match in this taste for raids and warfare. The Persian "law and order" governors were as much robber chiefs as the Tartar khans. The face of the country is dotted with small towers not over a few hundeed yards apart for the peasants, whose plowing and reaping are at any time liable to be interrupted by the charge of a score or two of mounted bandits from the desert or mountains. The Kurd governors paid part of their tribute in Turcoman heads, which were duly stuffed and forwarded to the Persian capital. Among this population O'Donovan spent a year, often harassed by the ill will of the authorities, who were urged by the Russian minister to get rid of the unwelcome visitor, and sharing in the usual incidents of raids and skirmishes between the different classes of the population. The Russian army had meanwhile advanced and was besieging the Turcoman fortress of Geok Tepe. O'Donovan, with two guides, witnessed the storming of the fort from a neighboring mountain, and then had to ride off at full speed to escape the parties on both sides that were spreading through the country. The Russians followed up their conquest and spread along the Persian frontier, occupying any point of the Shah's territory they desired without protest. It was impossible to remain any longer in Persia, and O'Donovan took the resolution of making his way to Merv, the capital of the southern Turcomans, which was still independent, though threatened with an immediate attack. Engaging a Turcoman guide he left the Persian frontier a few hours in advance of a Cossack detachment and rode across eighty miles of desert and jungle to Merv, where he was immediately seized as a Russian spy and stood a chance for some days of having his throat cut without further ceremony. No European had visited Merv for fifty years, or since its occupation by the Turcomans, its present inhabitants. O'Donovan's coolness, however, saved him, and after some days a change came over the Merv public opinion. It was decided to seek English help (the British forces were then in Afghanistan) against Russia, and the lately suspected spy was called to a share in the government of the tribe and asked to open communications with the English government for an alliance against Russia.

This was only putting off the danger. O'Donovan in a short time saw enough to convince him that the submission of Merv to Russia was inevitable—anyway he knew that the English were preparing to leave Afghanistan at an early date, which would in all probability be the signal for his own execution. A solitary Christian would have a poor chance for his life among an exasperated population of Moslem warriors in the moment of defeat. He suggested that he be sent as an envoy to the Sultan to seek aid, and after several months in Merv he was escorted to the Persian frontier and bade adieu forever to his Turcoman dignities. His adventures were, however, not yet at an end. On reaching Constantinople he got into trouble with the Turkish authorities by expressing his criticisms of the Sultan's rule and was arrested and sentenced to death at the close of 1881. Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, succeeded in obtaining his release from this peril, conditional to his immediate expulsion from the Turkish dominions, and he reached London about the end of that year. He was for a time the lion of the day in the English capital.

In 1883 an expedition was to be sent by the Egyptian government to restore its authority in the Soudan, where the Arabs, under El Mahdi, were up in insurrection. Hicks Pasha, an English officer, was in command with 8,000 Egyptian troops under his orders, and no serious difficulty was apprehended from the ill armed rebels. O'Donovan joined the expedition as correspondent of the London *Daily News*. The military promenade, as it was expected the expedition would be, quickly turned into a serious campaign. The Soudanese were far superior in bravery to the Egyptian troops, and in his last letter O'Donovan predicted what the end would be. He sent his friend Power, a young Irishman whom he had brought with him as his secretary, back to Khartoum, while he himself remained to see the end. It came soon, as far as the expedition was concerned. Hicks Pasha's army was caught in an unfavorable position and crushed like the British force at Isandula by the Zulus. Not a man returned to tell the tale, but from different informants among the Arabs the news was gradually gleaned that the entire force had been slaughtered. That two Europeans escaped was also stated, and O'Donovan's name was mentioned as one of them, but he was never seen again after that day.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

IRELAND IN THE EMBERS.

BY CECILE JOYCE.

Oh, the day is loud and lurid;
So the storm clouds in the sky,
Hear the chimneys full of whispers
As the sparr.ws hurry by.
There are elfins 'neath the roof top,
And they steal down thro' the gloom,
Till they dance among the embers,
Of the dull fire in my room.

But my pipe is fresh and fragrant
As I sit beside the blaze,
I am all alone and cheerless
I can only sit and gaze—
And I see the firelight peopled
With the loved ones o'er the foam,
And I drop my pipe in dreaming,
For my heart has wandered home!

I am back in those old meadows
Where I used to wander free,
They seem hazy thro' the firelight
But my eyes can hardly see,
For there's something makes them misty,—
Sure my land is just as fair
As the morning that I left it
With the sunlight smiling there!

Sure, the gloom that hangs above it
Is some spectre of the flame—
'Tis the shadow of some demon
But I cannot tell its name.
There's a hope star brightly gleaming—
Oh I know it as I gaze,
And I smile upon the shadow
That o'erhangs it in the blaze.

I can see a bunch of shamrocks,
And a happy sun-lit sky,
And I hear the gentle music
Of a river rolling by;
And some careless laughing children
Scamper past me, as they play,
And I hear some tinkling cowbells
On their fragrant homeward way.

But the shadow spreads above them,
Wider, wider, like a pall,
Till it stills the river's singing,
Darkens honor, hope, and *all!*
All the bightness, all the laughter,
Has died out beneath the gloom,
And the sound of mighty weeping
Shivers through the empty room.

"'Tis a dream" I faintly mutter,
While the elfins laugh in glee,
And the mist upon my lashes
Grows so dense I cannot see.
Lo, the fire is dead and ashy,
As I, listless, sit and gaze;
But the shadow o'er my country,
Has outlived the embers' blaze!

IRISH NEWS.

MEETING SUPPRESSED.

The policy of proclaiming meetings in Ireland has again been resorted to by the government. A National meeting which was called for last Sunday week at Murroe, was proclaimed, and a force of constabulary was present to enforce the ukase. As the priest of the district discountenanced the meeting, the police had nothing to do.

SUDDEN DEATH.

At Youghal, recently, a Mrs. Evans, while returning from the police station, where she had gone to give information against a lodger who had disappeared, and who was supposed to have stolen a watch, a chain and 43s., fainted on the street, and died immediately upon being brought home.

INFLUENZA AGAIN.

Influenza of an alarming type has broken out in Cork. It is also very prevalent in Belfast. The Rev. A. C. Murphy, ex moderater of Belfast Presbytery, and a leading member of the Irish Presbyterian general assembly, succumbed to the disease, recently, after tracheotomy had been successfully performed. The deceased clergyman was for a number of years minister of the Crouch Hill Presbyterian church, London.

ALLEGED MURDER.

The investigation into the charge of wilful murder preferred by District Inspector Reilly against four young men named Thomas Fallon, Thomas Coleman, James Coleman and Patrick McCrory, was continued in the courthouse in Magherafelt on Dec. 2, before Mr. Garret Nagle, R. M. The charge against the prisoners was that they, on the 12th ult., murdered Robert Cochrane. It appeared from the evidence that deceased had been in Magherafelt during market on the day of the occurrence, and was returning to his home in Ballyronan. He was overtaken, it is alleged, by Thomas Fallon and Thomas Coleman. Party expressions were used by both sides, Fallon and Coleman cursing the queen, while deceased, or some of his party, cursed the Pope, after which the deceased, as alleged, was attacked and kicked to death by Fallon and Thomas Coleman. The other two prisoners came forward afterwards, but did not take part in the attack. Several witnesses were examined. Only one of them, however, identified Fallon and Thomas Coleman as the persons who beat the deceased. Mr. Nagle returned Fallon and Thomas Coleman for trial to the winter assizes on a charge of wilful murder, and refused information against the other two.

THE PARNELL ESTATE.

In a letter addressed to the Dublin *Freeman*, under date of Nov. 27, Mr. John H. Parnell says: "I had a long interview last Wednesday relative to the property of my late brother, Mr. Parnell, with Mr. Campbell, who, by request, has kindly undertaken the management of the Avondale estate for the present, and who explained to me fully how my brother's affairs in connection with the property had been left. As Mr. Campbell was obliged to leave for England on Wednesday afternoon for a few days, and is therefore unable to state it himself, I wish to say that there is no truth whatever in the statement which appeared in the *Evening Telegraph* of the 24th inst., viz, 'That the estate was so heavily encumbered as to render its sale necessary to liquidate the debts.' I also desire to contradict certain statements, which were made some time ago, to the effect that there had been 'a falling out' between my brother and his secretary, Mr. Campbell. They never had the slightest difference, and continued to be the best of friends to the last. Mr. T. P. O'Connor certainly makes the most of the solitary instance in which my brother was allowed to go alone to a meeting, namely, the one at Creggs, on the 27th of September. With that single exception he was always accompanied by plenty of his friends; but somehow he omits to mention that Mr. Campbell came over from England with Mr. Parnell on that occasion on purpose to go to Creggs with him, but was prevented from doing so by sudden illness, which obliged him to lie up at Morrison's hotel instead. I don't think Mr. O'Connor could easily find another man who had more devoted and true friendship shown for him as the brave men who stood to him displayed for my brother, or one who was capable of inspiring more universal love and respect than he was."

CHARGE OF MURDER AGAINST A MOTHER.

At Castleisland on Dec. 2, before Mr. Cecil Roche, R. M., Johanna Nolan, a widow, was again charged with the wilful murder of her son Patrick, aged 16, at Glenlarne, near Castleisland, on July 25 last. District Inspector Rice, Castleisland, prosecuted, and Mr. Broderick, solicitor, Tralee, represented the accused. It will be remembered that up to this several witnesses had been examined in the case, but the principal evidence was that of Hannah Nolan, aged 13, the daughter of the accused, who deposed that her mother admitted to her on the second night that deceased was missing that she had killed him, but that she did not intend it. She said he asked her for money for tobacco, which she refused to give him; that he persisted in his demand, that she began to beat him, and that she caught him by the throat and he fell dead. Medical evidence showed that death resulted from asphyxia, the result of violence. At the hearing of the case District Inspector Rice deposed to some statements made by the prisoner. She said: "If you keep Hannah (her daughter) till she rots she won't tell you anything but what she has told you already." Witness arrested the accused on October 25. He read the charge to her and cautioned her. She said: "All right, your pleasure, what proof have you to find me guilty? It's hard on me to have my little boy dead and my little girl gone. I did not kill him; I did not kill him when he was younger, let alone now." She added that it too bad to be taking her on suspicion. He said it was not on suspicion, and she said, "No matter, you will never find me guilty." The prisoner was returned for trial to the winter assizes.

SAD DEATH OF A SLEEP-WALKER.

On the morning of Nov. 28 the dreadfully mangled body of Sergeant Michael McLaughlin, of the Donegal Pass barracks, was picked off the footpath in front of the barracks. He was found by the night policemen, and was quite dead. It is supposed that he walked out of the barracks window in his sleep. Deceased was a native of Carnoghter, county Tyrone, and was about 34 years of age.

THE LATE REV. PATRICK DONOHOE.

On Nov. 28 the solemn office and requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Patrick Donohoe, P. P., Clonegal, was celebrated in the parish church. The reverend gentleman had been in failing health for a considerable time, and recently passed away peacefully at the parochial residence at the advanced age of 71 years. He was a zealous pastor and a faithful friend to the poor. At the mass the Rev. P. F. Nolan, P. P., Rathoe, presided in the choir. The celebrant of the requiem mass was the Rev. Richard O'Brien, P. P., Myshall, attended by the Rev. Edward Kinsella, C. C., Rathoe, as deacon; the Rev. James Byrne, C. C., Carlow, as sub deacon; and the Rev. Paul Danny, C. C., Clonegal, as master of ceremonies. The Rev. William Byrne, P. P., and the Rev. James Coyle, C. C., were the chanters.

SAD COINCIDENCE.

A sad affair was reported recently from Leaberg, Kings county. A farmer's son, aged 21, named James Wilson, who had been delicate, died suddenly. Almost at the same moment his mother took ill and died suddenly. They were buried together.

THE "FREEMAN" STOCK.

Recently on the Dublin stock exchange, for the first time, we believe, since the late Mr. Gray converted the *Freeman's Journal* into a limited liability company, the ordinary shares of the company fell to par, the preference stock remaining five shillings per share below par. This time twelve months the shares of the *Freeman* stood at £7 for the ordinary and £6 for the preference. Now the ordinary has dropped to £4 and the preference to £4 15s.—*Ex.*

PARNELLITES WIN.

The annual election of mayors in Ireland took place recetly, and resulted in the success of the Parnellite candidates in Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Drogheda and Kilkenny—five out of the eleven corporate cities in the country. This fact is a rather remarkable one, when we consider how often and how confidently the seceders speak of "Parnellism" as a dying cause. In Dublin an anti-Parnellite was put first on the list for the office of high sheriff, but this was a pure act of grace on the part of the Parnellite majority of the corporation, and only proves the tolerance by which the majority is animated.

E. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A POLISH DIRGE.

BY OWEN ROE.

The dying sun is playing 'round the boulders darkly grey,
Weird phantom clouds are camping on the mountains far away,
The very sky in mourning weeps the closing of the day.

So the shrouds are gath'ring 'round us in the silence where we stand,
The chill of death within each heart—the palsy in each hand,
While our eyes grow dim and dimmer peering towards the Promised land.

Once the saffron sunlight revelled o'er our valleys and our plains,
When we walked the ripening meadows, and we reaped their golden grains,
Ere we bore a stranger's insults, or we wore a tyrant's chains.

Bleak and ghastly doth the land look in the evening lone and drear—
Our shrines and homesteads leveled low, our gardens dank or sere:
There is nought save desolation in the wildernesses here—

Desolation wrought by kingships armed with scepter and with crown!
Russians, Austrians or Prussians clash their sabres in each town,
Blotting out our pristine glory, crushing Poland's people down.

Ah, our very hopes lie shattered in the dust their chargers tread—
In the spoils won by their riders, in the blood their falchions shed,
While our noblest chiefs are exiled, and our bravest men are dead.

Hasten, hasten, evening shadows! you are dread and dark as doom;
Types you are and ghastly symbols of the sempiternal gloom
That enwraps our pulseless Poland as she slumbers in the tomb.

Yet, O God of mercy, grant us that our mother may one day
Rend the iron bonds that bind her, burst her ceremente of clay,
So that light may pierce her darkness and the stone be rolled away!

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN H. QUIRK.

Mr. John H. Quirk, son of Capt. Daniel W. Quirk, a distinguished Chicago veteran of the Union army, died at the home of his parents in this city last Saturday. He was only 26 years of age, but his health had been delicate for some time, and his constitution finally yielded to the advance of incurable illness. He was a remarkably industrious young man, and had been self supporting since he was 12 years of age. He was employed successively by Chamley Bros.; the Chicago Lumber Co., and the Kelly Lumber Co. When his health began to decline he obtained a position in the grain department of Armour & Co's establishment, where outdoor work was not required, and remained at his desk until Nov. 14, when he was finally compelled to take to his bed. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, from the residence to the Catholic church, where high mass of requiem was sung, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery.

THE REV. J. J. SULLIVAN.

The Rev. J. J. Sullivan, a young clergyman of much promise, died last Sunday, after a lingering illness, at the parochial residence of St. Patrick's parish. He was distinguished by his fervid piety and missionary zeal, and contracted his fatal sickness while in pursuit of his clerical duties. His death is widely lamented. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, and was attended by a great concourse of people. Solemn high mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's church, the celebrant being the Rev. A. Goulet, of St. Charles, Kane county. The deacon of the mass was the Rev. Edward Murphy, of St. Mary's church. The Rev. John Gillen, of St. Mary's, was sub deacon, and the sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Egan, of St. Leo's. Within the chancel rail were seated ninety-five priests. Among them were the Rev. T. F. Galligan, the pastor of St. Patrick's, and his assistants, the Revs. Edward O'Reilly, P. J. Sullivan and Thomas Kearnes. Over fifty chancel boys were clustered in the space in front of the chancel. The pall bearers were Thomas Smyth, Arthur Caughlin, Thomas Brenan, James McMullen, Wm. Mahoney, J. Bemish, Ex-Ald. Sanders and Edward Murray. The interment was in Mount Olivet. Before he died he wrote in a few single lines a modest obituary. It simply told the date of his birth, the date of his ordination, and the length of his services at the various posts to which he was assigned. He was a native of St. Louis, and was born Nov. 21, 1851. He was educated at Notre Dame, and was ordained by Archbishop Feehan in this city July 10, 1883.

ST. CECELIA'S DEDICATED.

Impressive Ceremonies in the Presence of a Congregation Which Filled the House of Worship.

Attended with all the impressive ceremony of the Catholic church St. Cecilia's church at Forty-third street and Fifth avenue was dedicated last Sunday morning by Archbishop Feehan. The Archbishop was attended by a retinue of priests attired in the robes of their office, and in the presence of a congregation which completely filled the edifice, the building was consecrated to the service of God. Haydn's mass in G was rendered by the local choir, Miss Catherine Kean presiding at the organ. The sermon was by Archbishop Feehan. The celebrant of the mass was the Rev. Dr. Butler of St. John's church; deacon, the Rev. F. S. Henneberry of St. Pa.ul's; subdeacon, the Rev. Richard Dunne of St. Columbkille; master of ceremonies, the Rev. E. J. Dunne of All Saints'; acolytes, Fathers Corbett, Dowling, Dorney, Tynan, Murray, Flanagan, Reynolds, Riordan, and Pickan.

The new church building was begun Nov. 23, 1889. It is constructed of brick and Michigan limestone. The style of architecture is Romonesque, and it is octagonal in form. It is modeled after the celebrated church of Notre Dame in Paris. There is a dome in the centre 120 feet from the ground and thirty feet from its base to the apex of the cross which surmounts it.

The style of the church is a wide departure from the old idea of somberness, which for ages has marked the building of church edifices. In St. Cecelia's every care has been taken in the construction to give plenty of light by day, and an elaborate electric light plant will provide adequate light at night. The appearance of the church externally and internally is handsome. The glass work is of a high order, and was prepared under the supervision of the priest in charge, the Rev. Father Edward A. Kelly. The form of the church brings the entire congregation near the altar. The cost of the building was $70 000. The present parish house will be used as a residence for the sisters who are to teach in St. Cecelia's schools, which will be erected on the site of the old mission at Wentworth avenue and Forty-sixth street.

The new parish house will be built between the church and the present parish house. Both of the proposed buildings will be commenced at once and are to be completed within a year. Their cost will be $50 000

Dec. 20, 1885, the Rev. Edward A. Kelly established a mission at Wentworth avenue and Forty-sixth street, in a small frame building. It was surrounded by prairie, with houses scattered here and there. This mission, with its attendance of twenty families, became the nucleus of St. Cecelia's parish. The parish extends from Root to Fiftieth street and from State street to Stewart avenue. The congregation now includes 200 families.

As Ayer's Sarsaparilla outstrips all other blood purifiers in popular favor, so Ayer's Almanac is the most universally familiar publication of the kind in the world. It is printed in ten languages and the annual issue exceeds fourteen millions of copies. Ask your druggist for it.

INFORMATION.

This is to inform you that I have established a Real Estate office at

302 TACOMA BUILDING,

N. E. Corner Madison and La Salle Streets, and if you wish to invest in property of any kind, or desire to sell, it will be of advantage to you to call on, or write me at above address.

JAMES V. GRIFFIN.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BROS., Dealers in All Kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, 25 per cord delivered. Office and Yard 302 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW F., Attorney and Counsellor at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 167 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

C. H. MITCHELL & E. F. RYAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.

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JAMES O'DONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 982.

PAGE & PEARSON, Attorneys-at-Law, 85 Dearborn-st., Rooms 304-5-6, Chicago, Ill.

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HOGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors, 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIENE, F. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 249 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

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Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 136 West Madison street, Near Halsted.

AN AVERAGE MAN.

A realistic story
Without any gush or glory,
With no sentimental limelight
And no firework display,
'Bout a poor old ignoramus
Who was never rich nor famous,
And who couldn't ignite the river,
And who worked out by the day.

A very common fellow
Was this Ebenezer Weller,
With the usual share of virtues,
And with vices two or three;
He'd no fatal gift of beauty,
But an average sense of duty,
Neither very good nor evil—
Just about like you and me.

And he wed an average woman,
Very nice and very human,
Just about like Ebenezer,
Neither very good nor bad:
Oft in harmony they'd warble,
Often they would scold and squabble,
But they loved each other dearly,
And they couldn't continue mad.

Never had enough on Monday
To supply the house till Sunday,
Never made enough in April
To support themselves in May;
If they worked hard in November,
They must work hard in December,
And the coarse bread of tomorrow
Was the hard work of today.

They worked on, grew gray and grayer,
Yet they never made him mayor,
And she plucked no social honors,
And his wages still were small.
Then the load of years grew weighty,
And they died when they were eighty,
And they put them in the graveyard,
And they left them there. That's all.

A realistic story
Without any gush or glory—
Yet this fellow Ebenezer
Represents the human clan;
His the average share of pleasure,
His the average lack of leisure,
His the average joy and sorrow
Of the common average man.
—Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

MIGGLES' SPEECH.

Griggs was washing himself, and was in a hurry. The telegraph had run heavy all afternoon; unusually heavy. "Nothing startling," Griggs said, when the editor asked him how the wires were working, "only the news seems to pour in from all quarters." Griggs was glad when supper time came. He had an engagement that evening and anticipated pleasure.

Suddenly a change came over Griggs' face. His hands, dipped into the water to lave his face and neck, were withdrawn suddenly and placed on the edge of the basin, as he listened to the voice of the editor, who was standing at Grigg's desk.

"Are you there, Griggs? Here's a dispatch from Ground Hog's Glory. From Miggles. On his way to Pompey Smash. Look here a moment, Griggs."

Griggs snatched at the towel, dried himself as he approached his room and faced the editor.

"Griggs, this is of the very first importance."

Griggs' manner indicated earnest attention.

"I may tell you—in confidence, Griggs—that Miggles' speech must go in tonight. No matter what else is crowded out, on no account must you permit Miggles' speech to be abbreviated by so much as a line. I would remain myself, but I have an engagement that can't be broken—as important, in fact, as this speech of Miggles', which is the turning point in the canvass for the district. A change of forty or fifty votes—yes, twenty—at Pompey Smash, will elect or defeat him. Griggs, I predict it will make Miggles."

"All right," said Griggs as the editor left his room. He was putting on his coat when Simmott returned.

"Put a good head on it, Griggs—something that will catch the eye." Simmott was moving away the second time when he halted, turned back, and dropping his voice said: "I may as well tell you. It will be known soon anyhow. Miggles' election means a good deal, a vast deal, to me. So keep a sharp lookout. See that the speech goes in all right—no mistakes or ridiculous errors."

"All right," said Griggs. He glanced at the dispatch Simmott had laid on his desk as the editor and proprietor of The Morning Star hastened away. Then he whistled up to the composing room and inquired if Daggs was there. Daggs was there, and in answer to Griggs' request hurried down, as by previous agreement.

"See here, Daggs; we've a dispatch from Miggles. He has ordered us to print his speech—the speech he will make at Pompey Smash this evening. Here it is." Griggs pulled a drawer out, brought out three proof slips and handed them to Daggs. "Now, as you are going to run this thing tonight for me, I want you to be sure there are no errors in it. I guess I'd best crack a head on it for you before I go—the main thing is to see that it goes in. That is Simmott's imperative orders. No matter what is left out—if the president dies you mustn't leave Miggles' speech out. I'm sorry it so happens I must be off tonight, but it's all plain sailing. You've run my desk often enough to know just what to do. That's all, Daggs. I'll send the head up—take the speech and give it to the foreman to get in hand at once."

When Daggs withdrew, Griggs sat down, dashed off a few lines, looked at them, whirled them up the elevator and went out. He was engaged; was to be married in a fortnight, and as a matter of course dismissed The Morning Star, Miggles and his speech from his mind before he reached the corner. What young man would not who was on his way to his supper, with the certainty of enjoying an evening with his affianced at the theater?

"See here, Burton," said Daggs, as he re-entered the composing room hastily, "Griggs gave me imperative orders—from Simmott—to get this in hand at once. Best run it out first thing. Mind—no matter what else is left out—Miggles' speech goes in."

"All right," answered Burton. The foreman took the proof slips, clipped them up into twenty-one pieces, lit a fresh cigar, and inside of ten minutes Miggles' speech was in the hands of twenty-one printers. The foreman was enjoying a minute's rest, when a whistle disturbed him. He rose and answered the call.

"That you, Burton?"

"Yes—what's wanted?"

"It's me," said a voice from the counting room. "In a hurry—going out of town a few miles unexpectedly—won't be back. Get Griggs to look after things for me. Ta-ta!"

"All right," Burton answered, in blissful ignorance of the arrangement Griggs had made with Daggs.

Almost at the same moment the night clerk, who was in the rear of the business office, was calling by the telephone:

"Hello, there, Star office!"

"Well," said the clerk, fumbling for his pencil, and making ready for a new advertisement.

"That you, Baker?"

"Yes, sir."

It was the proprietor's voice. He had popped into a drug store to speak to the night editor.

"Parker there!"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell him when he comes to see Griggs at once. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have given Griggs special orders. Tell him. Got that?"

"Yes, sir. To tell Mr. Parker you've given special orders to Mr. Griggs, and for Mr. Parker to be sure and see Griggs."

"That's all."

The night clerk went to his desk and was soon immersed in his labors. In the upper story of The Star establishment the foreman was discussing in a desultory way Bigger's chances against Miggles' for the congressional plum."

"What sort of a place is Pompey Smash, anyhow, Daggs? Ever been there?"

"No; but Griggs has. There's a lot of moss backed Democrats over there—the sort that vote for Jackson and Van Buren, and opposite there is another lot of straight laced, stiff backed Presbyterians—no surrender written all over 'em."

"Anything in this speech of Miggles'?"

"Blest if I know."

"What's the point—what makes him go out to Pompey Smash to fire off?"

"Oh! Why, it's a mighty close vote, you know. As near as I can make out, the idea is to tickle the people there—to honor them with the opening speech—to have the people talk about the speech Miggles made at Pompey Smash. A hundred votes, one way or the other, will settle it; everybody knows that."

"I see," said the foreman.

Then he turned around, and lifting his voice said in tones that could be heard by all in the composing room:

"Boys, pull out on Miggles' speech. I want to get it in early."

Then there was silence in the composing room.

The wires worked well that night. The night was a repetition of the day. Daggs was up to his eyes in news from all quarters. "Nothing stunning," as he called up to the foreman; "just a steady glut of slush from all sources that could be chopped off any place and never be missed."

When a newspaper office is in order it's surprising how smoothly everything runs. The Morning Star was run on a sound system; so thorough that although the proprietor and editor, business manager and telegraph editor were absent they did not seem to be missed.

Along about 2 o'clock in the morning Daggs thought he would run up stairs once more and see how the speech looked in type.

"Looking for Miggles' speech?" asked the foreman. "There it is—three columns."

Daggs glanced over the form. It was all right.

"You read the proof—I sent it down to you—or, rather, the revise."

"I looked at it—I guess it's all right," and Daggs returned to his desk, whistling.

Just then a messenger laid a fresh dispatch on his table. Daggs glanced at the clock. "Two fifteen." He handed the boy back his book after acknowledging the receipt of the message, and began to whistle again as he tore it open. Daggs' lips retained their position, but no sound escaped them. The message was from Pompey Smash, and contained four words:

"Don't print Miggles' speech."

Daggs was dumfounded. He rushed to the pipe; he was going to call to the foreman, when he bethought himself. He turned the dispatch up to the light. It was filed at 8:30. What did it mean? There was an initial appended—what it was he could not make out. Possibly i. was a ruse—a trick of the opposition.

He ran up stairs and laid the mysterious message down before the foreman.

"What do you think of that, Burton?"

"I don't think anything. There's only one meaning—it says plainly, 'Don't print Miggles' speech;' and here we are printing it."

"Well, but Griggs' orders were to print it. What made Simmott be so particular about this speech? Why, he must have suspected a trick. Anyhow—my orders are imperative."

"Take my advice—no, I'll have to consult Parker. He's night editor, and he is the man to decide."

The foreman whistled to the counting room:

"Mr. Parker there? Send him up at once."

"Not here."

"Where is he?"

"Hasn't been here tonight. Thought he was up there."

"Do you know anything about this speech of Miggles', Baker?"

"No; never heard of it."

"Look around—see if there's a note or message there for me—anybody!"

A minute elapsed.

"Nothing here."

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the foreman, turning to Daggs. "What am I to do. You've got precious little time to decide. In or out—which is it? I can chuck the form full of miscellany and stuff lying over here—in or out?"

"Obey orders if we break the owner" said Daggs, with Napoleonlike decision.

Ten minutes later the forms were in the cellar, and twenty minutes after that Miggles' speeches were thrown out on the folders by hundreds. Daggs went down to the pressroom, brought up a handful of papers, returned to the composing room and laid them down before Burton.

"Looks all right, Burton."

The foreman picked the paper up, held it in his hand a moment, glancing over it with a critical eye, then laid it down.

"A pretty good first page. The head looks first rate. You can pop a head on with Griggs, Daggs."

"It's Griggs'. 'Taint mine."

A footstep sounded near. It was Griggs.

"I—in fact, I was detained later than I expected, Daggs, so just stepped around to see how you were getting on. That confounded speech of Miggles' has run in my mind all night."

"Nothing else?"

Burton and Daggs laughed.

"Oh, I see it's in all right."

"What's that, Griggs?"

It was the night editor.

I got back earlier than I expected, and run up to see if everything is right. What's this?"

"Miggles' speech, delivered over at Pompey Smash. Mr. Simmott gave me special orders to get it in tonight."

Griggs held a paper up and read:

ZIP! ZIP!! ZIP!!!

FIRST BALL OF THE CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN SET IN MOTION BY THE HAND OF

ALONZO ADOLPHUS MIGGLES.

POMPEY SMASH IN A BLAZE OF UNPARALLELED ENTHUSIASM.

A Masterly and Lucid Analysis of the Momentous Questions Involved in the Issue of the Seventy-seventh District.

"Reads all right, Griggs," said Parker, "but if I had been here I'd have left that 'and' out. If it was masterly, of course it must have been 'lucid'—see?"

"No, I don't see," said Griggs. "I've"——

What Griggs was going to say is lost to the world, for at that moment Editor Simmott looked over their shoulders.

"What is it, Parker?"

His gaze was riveted—double riveted, in fact—on The Morning Star. His eyes were held by the type as the poor bird is said to be fascinated by the snake before it devours it. Then he slowly lifted his hands. His mouth opened—but no words came from it. His emotions overpowered him, rendered him speechless. Then there was a sound like the cracking of heavy paper, and the torrent came. For at least two minutes and a half—possibly a second more—not one of his auditors knew what Simmott said.

Then the blizzard of adjectives lessened to a gale, from a gale to a spanking breeze, from a steady breeze to the gust that tosses the leaves between the fitful raindrops.

"Didn't you get my message, Parker?"

"I was not here; was away all night."

"You—you got it, Griggs?"

"No, sir. I was off, too—I got Daggs to run my desk."

Simmott groaned. Daggs looked like a boy caught in the act of stealing a melon.

"Did you get my message, Daggs?"

"Yes, sir; but"——

"Stop! I won't hear a word," said Simmott.

"Yes, you will, Mr. Simmott," said Griggs, with a white face but resolute eye. "Your orders were imperative. I told Daggs so. No matter what came, he was to print Miggles' speech."

The calm that ensued was much more impressive and disagreeable than the blizzard that preceded it.

"Let me see the message."

Daggs brought it out, and Simmott turned it over in an absentminded way in his hand.

"What is wrong, Mr. Simmott?"

The editor gave the night editor one glance. It spoke volumes.

"Nothing—nothing—only Miggles was delayed; did not get to Pompey Smash at all. Consequently he did not make a speech. His cousin, Bill Carruthers, met me and told me he telegraphed us not to print. This will defeat him. The papers will never let up on it. The people at Pompey Smash will never forgive Miggles for making them ridiculous. It's bad enough to assume that his balderdash could influence them or turn a vote. It's worse to palm off a speech on the public he never made at Pompey Smash or anywhere else. Miggles is ruined now and forever."

It was true. A hundred Morning Stars were flying to Pompey Smash with Miggles' great effort as the editor spoke.

There was war along the line for thrice ten days. Not a man in Pompey Smash voted for Miggles. There was war in The Morning Star office, but peace came over it speedily and calmed the disturbed elements like a dose of soothing sirup.

The editor, Parker, Griggs—everybody had the good sense to see and acknowledge it was a concatenation of circumstances unavoidable in the best regulated families, and today, when anything whimsical or humorous stirs The Star, Simmott or Parker or Griggs, his partners, will refer to "Miggles' Great Effort."—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

One Form of Marriage Ceremony.

The following is a southwestern Missouri form of marriage ceremony: "By the authority vested in me as a squire in the state of Missouri; by the golden fields of corn and wheat that wave to and from the gentle summer breeze; by the great droves of stock that are continually finding their way to the different markets of the world; by the monotonous song of the cat on the backyard fence, and by the pumpkin vine whose climbing tendrils shade the entrance of a summer kitchen; by the whole earth and sea and all that is in them, I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."—Yankee Blade.

Candy Stores and Savings Banks.

The funds in the school savings banks would increase much more rapidly if confectioners could be induced to locate off the direct avenue to public schools. As it is, the child who safely runs the gantlet of all the saccharine temptations set in his daily path and deposits his pennies intact in the school bank, will make a citizen who may perhaps be trusted with the funds of a larger bank at some later day.—Boston Commonwealth.

THE FACE OF A CROOK

WHY IT IS THAT A THIEF IS GENERALLY DETECTED.

There Are, Almost Invariably, Some Marks About His Countenance or About His Appearance That Inevitably Betray Him to Officers of the Law.

"Police! Police! Where's the police? Some thief's stolen my pocketbook!"

A tall, bearded and excited countryman yelled out these words in the Grand Central depot one morning some months ago. The alarm created the usual excitement which follows the announcement of a robbery in a crowd. Some of the stream of arriving and departing travelers stopped in their places to hastily ascertain whether or not their own wallets were safe. Others crowded around the countryman in eager curiosity to hear what he had to say. Some of the chronically cautious hurried their steps a trifle from the scene of trouble and looked back somewhat fearfully at the big policeman who was elbowing his way vigorously towar the center of the crowd.

Any one of the score of people who did not stop might be the thief. The robbery had just "come off," for the countryman had set up his outcry the moment his wallet was jerked by some mysterious force from his fingers. Now, in all this confusion of hurrying people, how was suspicion to be pointed toward any particular man? One would say "impossible." But one would be wrong.

A plainly dressed man, with sharp, black eyes, who had been standing in the door of the restaurant when the cry of robbery went up, stepped quietly out of the doorway and turned his keen eyes in a series of quick glances to right and left. He did not once look at the countryman or the little crowd around him, but in ten seconds he had scanned with lightning rapidity the face of every person who was walking away. A sudden look, as though of recognition, and he walked quickly, unhesitatingly toward a rather well dressed man who was carrying a small valise up the stairway. He overtook him at the top of the stairs and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

The thief was found.

WHY HE WAS RECOGNIZED.

How did the detective know him? That is a complex question to answer. Natural instinct of an order unclassed in human psychology is what makes the detective. A fox hound has it, and it makes the dog hunt foxes and find them and catch them where other dogs would fail impotently or through lack of effort. If this instinct was lacking in the man he would be no detective. He would not only lack ability in thief catching, but would have no disposition to go into the business.

This instinct which tempts him into his distasteful and often perilious calling is developed by experience and observation and constant study until it becomes almost a supernumerary sense. He knows a thief when he sees him, if it is for the first time. It sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it has been proved hundreds of times.

Physiognomy has something to do with it; a fund of knowledge of the tricks and devices of the escaping robber, a quick perception of tiny details which lead to suspicion, a supersensitiveness to the hints of circumstance, all go to make up the professional instinct of the detective. But the most powerful element of all, and that which all serve but to re-enforce, is the mysterious sort of animal magnetism which tells a detective—a genuine detective—that a thief's a thief.

The man who was arrested in the Grand Central depot was afterward proved to be a professional pickpocket. He made a bold front when the detective asked him for a moment's conversation and became highly indignant before the cause of his detention was told. This is the mistake which nearly every petty thief makes. The countryman's wallet was found on him, and witnesses remembered having seen the thief walk out of the crowd and pick up his valise just before the cry of robbery was raised. They would never have remembered the circumstance if the detective had not stopped the thief as he was escaping.

HOW A THIEF IS PICKED OUT.

"How do I pick out a thief?" said one of the cleverest detectives at police headquarters in response to a question. "Well, there's a whole lot of things that help a man to pick out a thief, but it's hard to just say in words what they are. Any fly copper will tell you that there is something characteristic about the appearance of every thief. And it's only good sense to believe it.

"If a man spends his whole time studying thieves' faces, haunts and habits, he's bound to get the thing down pretty fine if he has anything of a head on him. I don't say that you can pick a top notcher—a 'con' man or a bunko sharp—out of a crowd, because he's a mighty smart man, and his whole business is to deceive people by his appearance and manner; but you take a pickpocket or 'sneak,' and you can get on to him in a crowd nearly every time, provided, of course, that you've got every reason to believe that there is such a man in the crowd and you're looking for him.

"There's something about the eyes particularly that every common thief I ever saw had. Then they nearly all have a dissipated look. That's because they're nearly all dissipated. A thief will run chances of getting ten years to get money, and then will go and spend it as if had a million. I never knew a common thief that didn't have some bad habit besides stealing. Half of 'em 'hit the pipe' or take drugs in some form; a great many are 'boozers,' and most of them are the victims of some worse depravity."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wit and Humor.

Man (looking up from paper)—John, what does "-a" stand for?

John (poring over his lesson in geography)—Louisiana, sir.

Man—Well, this "Louisiana grip" seems to be an epidemic.—Harper's Bazar.

A Lover's Rare Property.

Young Toddleby was a true hearted and promising youth. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Lofter. It so happened that Toddleby became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned he asked Mr. Lofter to recommend him to the father, Lofter being on terms of close intimacy with the family. The lawyer agreed, and performed his mission; but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Lofter said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young student he asked him if he had any property at all.

"Only health, strength and a determination to work," replied the youth.

"Well," said the lawyer, who sincerely believed the student was in every way worthy, "let us see, what will you take for your right leg? I will give you $20,000 for it."

Of course Toddleby refused.

The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father he said:

"I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank; but he owns a piece of property for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered, and has refused, $20,000."

This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterward took place. In the end he had reason to be proud of his son-in-law, though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property, upon the strength of which he had consented to the match: "If it could not take wings it was liable at any time to walk off!"—New York Ledger.

One Better.

People in the waiting room of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee depot were more or less interested the other afternoon in the conduct of a middle aged couple who were evidently very much in love. As they sat together on a seat the man had his arm around her waist and she leaned confidingly on his shoulder. The depot policeman might have looked at them rather sharply as he passed through the room, for soon thereafter the man came outside and queried:

"Do you remember me?"

"Can't say that I do," replied the officer after a careful scrutiny.

"I was in here last summer on an excursion."

"Yes."

"Had a girl with me—girl with long curls and a white dress."

"Yes."

"She was a widow's daughter and had forty acres of land in her own name."

"I see."

"That was the best I could do at the time, but that's the widow and mother inside, and she owns the rest of the farm and all the stock. I've gone one better, and do you blame me fur kinder squeezing around, even if folks do laugh at us?"

The officer assured him it was all right and according to Hoyle, and he returned to business much relieved and encouraged.—Detroit Free Press.

Coverings for Bed Springs.

Many of the best spring beds now to be had are covered over with stout canvas, thus keeping the springs and the under part of the bed free from dust, and saving the labor that results from its accumulation. Such springs cost ten or twelve dollars, but when they are not to be had a good plan, if the arrangement of the springs permit, is to make a strong covering for them yourself. The wide durable prints used by furniture dealers for the first covering of upholstered furniture is a very good material for such coverings, though cheaper calicoes will do. The covers should be stitched up at both ends and on one side; and after the springs are slipped inside, the other side may be sewn up.

Much expense is also saved, and bedding is kept in much daintier condition if covers of unbleached muslin are kept over the mattress and pillow ticks. The covers may be washed two or three times a year, and the undercases be kept clean and fresh for years.—New York Post.

Accidents on Road and Rail.

M. Clerault, locomotive superintendent of the management of the Western of France railway, gives some interesting statistics of the accidents which happen with road vehicles, and which occur on railways. According to his figures the road vehicle accidents can be summed up as follows: One passenger killed out of every 355,000; one passenger wounded out of every 30,000.

At the same time the statistics of the French railways show that one passenger is killed out of 26,720,000, and one passenger wounded out of 1,060,000. Thus in France at the present time the traveler may make a journey of ordinary length with only a twenty-seven-millionth chance of being killed and one-millionth chance of being wounded.—London Tit-Bits.

Do Birds Draw Lots?

Flocks of birds so enhance every landscape that it is a source of regret that they are less and less a common feature of our country rambles. They mark the return of spring more emphatically than the chance blooming of violets; and would that we were so keen sighted as to mark their breaking up and the scattering of mated pairs over the country. This is doubtless a gradual process, for I find the birds, as the nestling season draws near, gathering about their favorite summer homes, often a dozen or more, and in some way there is a drawing of lots, and the particular spots are reoccupied.—Dr. C. C. Abbott in Montreal Star.

His Amiable Intention.

Mrs. Bloobumper—Why on earth did you ask Mrs. Gazzam if her sack were imitation seal?

Bloobumper—I wanted to flatter her.

Mrs. Bloobumper—Flatter her?

Bloobumper—Yes; imitation is the sincerest flattery, you know.—New York Truth.

A WOULD BE SWINDLER BEATEN.

He Was Only Trying to Learn the Shell Trick, but His Scholar Knew It.

After awhile the young man with the white hat and red necktie observed that a friend of his had posted him on a new trick, and he took from his pocket the shell of an English walnut which had been cut in two to make two small cups. He also took from his vest pocket a common field pea and explained:

"I don't say that I can do the trick successfully, but after a little more practice I hope to catch on."

Half a dozen of us exchanged winks and spotted him at once for a sharper, but there was a middle aged man from Indianapolis who appeared innocently interested. He was not a green looking man by any means, but he had a confiding, childish look which would have authorized any stranger to ask him for a match or the time of day.

"What is the trick?" he asked as he laid aside his paper.

"Why, it's to manipulate this pea in this way—so and so—and this way, until you can't tell which cup it's under," explained the other.

"That's a new idea."

"Yes, perfectly new."

"Say!" I'd like to learn that myself," continued the Hoosier. "The boys down our way are full of tricks, and I'd like to get something to astonish 'em. It all depends on the twist of the wrist, doesn't it?"

"Partly that, and partly optical illusion. As I told you before I can't work it yet, because I haven't practiced sufficiently, but do you think you could tell which cup the pea is under now?"

"I think I could," replied the Hoosier.

"And could you now?" asked the young man after further manipulations.

"I'm sure of it."

"How sure?"

"Well, as I want to learn the trick, and as I am always willing to back my own eyes, I'll bet ten dollars I can."

We winked and shook our heads at him, but his smile only grew more childlike.

"Don't want to make it twenty dollars, do you?" asked the sharper.

"I'd just as soon say thirty dollars."

"Thirty it is. Just hold the cups firmly down on my knees while I get out my sugar."

I took his last dollar, and when it was up he asked:

"Which cup is it under?"

"This one."

The cup was raised, and there, sure enough, was the pea, it having failed to stick to the substance inside and be lifted with the shell. The look which came into that young man's face was something queer to see, and he kept swallowing as if he had tacks in his throat. He gave up the stakes without a word, but sat for a long time like one in a dream. I thought he needed sympathy, and after awhile I found opportunity to inquire:

"How did it happen that way?"

"That's what I want to find out," he absently replied. "Say, you childlike Hoosier, take these things and let's see what you can do with 'em."

"Certainly, to oblige."

He took the cups and the pea, and the manner in which he performed was enough to show everybody in ten seconds that he was an old professional.

"Anybody wish to bet?" he smilingly asked, as the pea went hopping about.

Nobody did—not even the young man. He sat and stared and stared, and watched and watched, and when the outfit was returned to him all he could say was:

"Well, by gum!"—Detroit Free Press.

Feats of Carrier Pigeons.

There are remarkable instances on record of what pigeons have done. A French bird captured near Paris was taken to Berlin, 500 miles away, and kept there for four years. It escaped somehow, and at once made a straight line for home, safely reaching the loft in Paris where it had been reared. Colonel Cameron relates that he purchased in Toronto two birds that had never flown eastward of that place. From Toronto they were taken to Kingston, 150 miles due east, and there kept for some time. They were then sent to Sharbot lake, nearly fifty miles north of Kingston, to be flown. Instead of returning to Kingston they went westward 150 miles direct to their old loft at Toronto.

As they had been, in the case of both moves, conveyed in a closed basket, they had no chance of seeing the intervening country, so that sight evidently had nothing to do with their return. There are numberless instances of birds in training making their way swiftly and safely back over 100, 200 and even 250 miles of utterly unknown territory.—Denver Republican.

On His Mind.

Pat was a hodcarrier. Long practice had made him an expert at threading the mazes of unfinished buildings, but it had also made him somewhat careless in his movements.

He had just stepped from a ladder to one of the landings, and after setting down his load of bricks with a sigh of relief, he straightened up. Whack! his head came smartly in contact with a heavy beam.

When the foreman passed, a few minutes after, he saw Pat sitting on a keg, holding his head in both hands.

"Hullo, Pat," he called. "What's on your mind?"

"The whole top av me head, sir. Oh my! Oh my!"—Youth's Companion.

Sorry for God.

A little girl on being asked by her mother whether she was not glad to hear that an old friend of whom she was very fond had recovered from a dangerous illness, replied, "Yes, of course I'm glad, but still I'm sorry for God not to have his own way sometimes."—London Truth.

A Pretty Tight Squeeze.

Angeline—Oh, mamma, Algernon squeezed my hand so tonight that I almost cried.

Mamma—What, my child, from pain?

Angeline—No, mamma, from joy.—Texas Siftings.